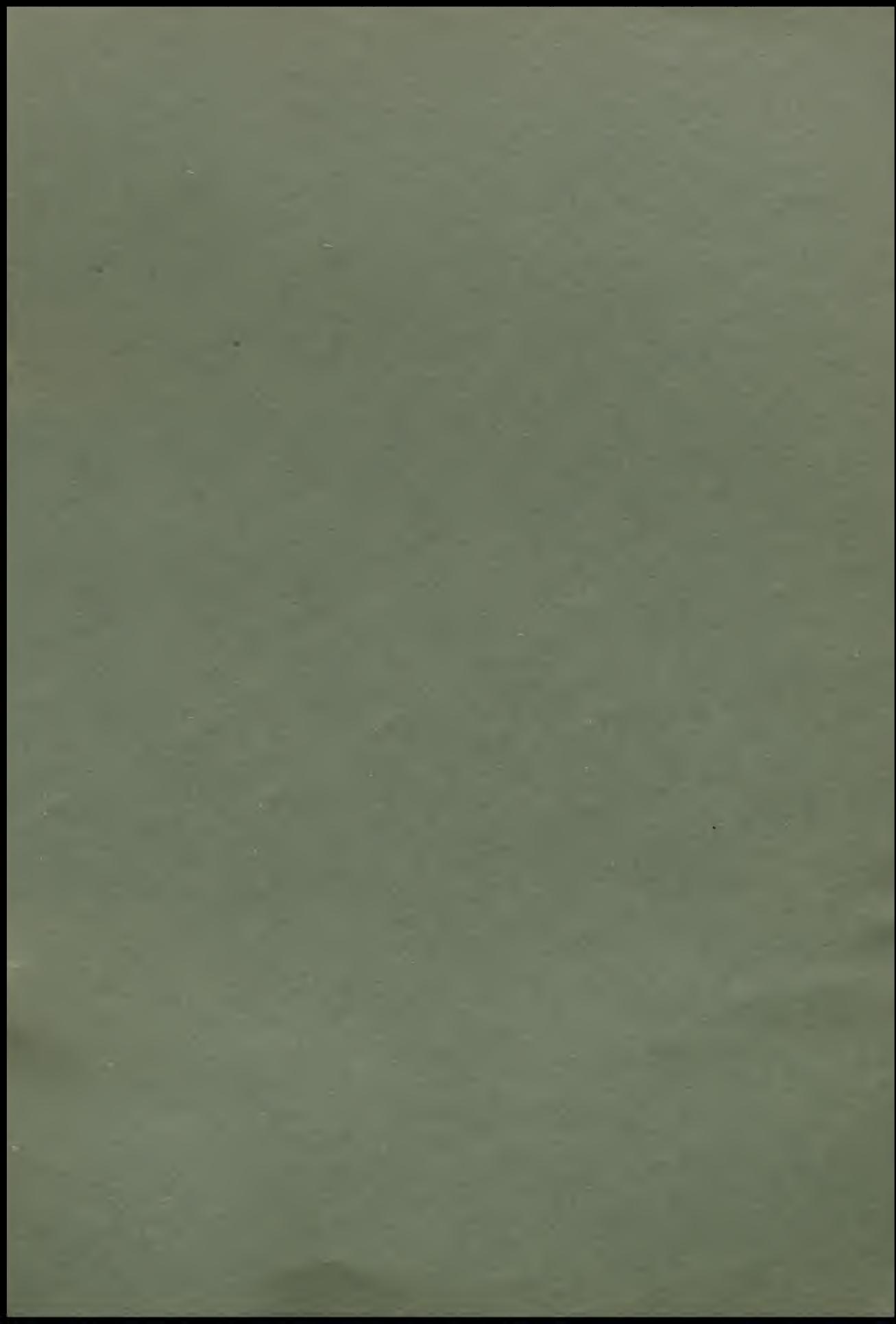


The Quill





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Personally selected models from the world's leading makers are now on display at Style Headquarters for the young men of East High.

Latest styles are featured at no extra cost by the largest and leading clothier of East Des Moines.

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*To keep the pleasant memory of East High School
days—your photograph*

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PHOTOGRAPHER

Maple 1776

578 East Locust Street



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The woodwose sang and
wold not cease
Under the leaves of lynn



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What's Doing.....	Josephine Macauley, Edith Soppeland
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Quilliam says:

MURRAY HOYT refuses to pose with Mr. Francis for a snap for the Quill. He's afraid he might crowd the little fellow out of the picture.

HARRY suggests that he will be as popular as scarlet fever when he gets through his job on the Quill.

HAVE you noticed the grease spots on the ceilings about school? Since Chester Holdefer has resolved to correct his round shoulders, he has added several inches to his height.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned girl who bought hairnets?

“THROUGH the looking glass" is the way we see most girls nowadays.

OVERHEARD during the counting of Senior Credits—"If I had four-tenths more, I could flunk in Physies!"

THE STAFF took the fifty thousand dollars and bribed some possible contributors.

DO "they all flop sooner or later?" Look at Alice Dahlstrom and Greta Huggins.

THE TREASURER of the Senior Class may well be pleased that he is in the United States and not in Germany.

THE DIFFERENCE between a mean trick and a clever joke is that the former is on yourself and the latter is on the other fellow.

MURRAY BAKALYAR will have to start dieting, we fear. The chair on which he was sitting collapsed suddenly the other day.

MURRAY PETERSON'S fourth period class has the best opportunity for improvement. (Because there is always room at the top?)

WHERE did Gwen Chamberlain get her "Tailor Made Man?"

IS Margaret Fuller enlarging her vocabulary for any particular reason?

NOT A FEW students thought Tuesday, March 11th was March 13th.

INTELLIGENT as the Quill Staff members are, some of them literally don't know where Room 301 is.



Editorial



"Lyth and lysten gentil men
And herken what I shall say.,"

WOODROW WILSON

Gone! To the peace that in life was denied him,
This prophet who spoke when no light reached the world.
Gone from the world which he tried to leave better,
Gone! Where Peace sits with her flag e'er unfurled.

He whom the people struck down and believed not,
This hero, this martyr whose frame was too weak
To withstand the cross of a nation in peril—
Gone to his home and the peace he did seek.

Gone! But the words that he left here behind him,
Have lived in men's hearts, and have silently grown.
Like a flame in the dark they will shine there forever—
This leader—this Wilson, has reached the Unknown.

Margaret Marnette.

THE EXTRA LOAD

I once heard a coal dealer talking to one of his employees. From what I could gather, the employee had met with serious reverses and had gone deeply in debt to his employer, and they were discussing the quickest method of paying this debt. "One or two loads of coal a day," said the dealer, "will pay all your expenses, but each load you get over those two is the one which will put you on your feet, so to speak. In other words, it is that extra load or two which will in the end get you square with the world."

I thought this advice over, and decided that we could use it right here in school. Each of us owes society a debt for making it possible for us to be here. The payment of that debt consists of giving all we have to the world, in whatever line we may work. Now there is just so much work required to pass from grade to grade and eventually graduate. If the pupil performs this minimum amount of required work, he will get, at the end of four years, a diploma saying that he has completed his work in high school. But can he repay society in full? Well, maybe he can, but I'd hate to stake my life on his ability to do so. I'm too young to die that way.

Here is where the lessons of the coal man comes in: Every bit of work we do over the minimum required amount is the bit that will make us better able to repay society when we get out in the world. The smallest amount of required work will get us out of school and "pay our expenses," but each bit over that means just that much more in proportion.

Which are you doing? Are you making that "extra load" or are you satisfied with merely "paying expenses?" I afterwards learned that the coal hauler cleared himself in six months. How long will it take you to get out of debt?

Allen Ashby.

[Editor's note.—The above editorial was the winning paper in the contest which was held to select five new members for the Quill Staff. Such a contest has not formerly been held, but its success was such that in the future the Staff will probably be chosen by a similar method.]



RESISTANCE AN AID TO SUCCESS

Everyone who makes any progress in his chosen field must struggle against the overpowering wave of opposition.

The fact that a man is a success does not mean that he has never met adverse conditions—but that he has met and overcome them. The only people who do not meet these difficulties are those who fail when they meet them and allow themselves to drift in the tide with the rest of the debris. We cannot overcome difficulties by shying around them—if we could there would not be so much room at the "top."

It is overcoming resistance that leads to real success. The importance of resistance is everywhere apparent. It is the resistance of the water against the blades of the propeller that forces the giant ocean steamer along. It is the resistance of the rails against the wheels of the great locomotive that makes it possible to travel from coast to coast in a fewer number of days than it formerly took weeks. If it were not for the resistance in life and business there would be no room at the "top" for the real "live wires."

So do not accept the resistance you meet in your work as an unnatural and insurmountable obstacle—but merely as the necessary traction by which we move forward.

Lowell Fletcher.

PREPARING A LESSON

When she her lesson started to get
The baby in the next room began to fret,
Though she resolved to learn it without delay
The thoughts in her mind would run a relay.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "What dress shall I wear?
And I wonder how I should dress my hair,
When I to the party meander tonight
I shan't be home until about daylight.

"Did my cosmetics arrive today?
My complexion will look like the new mown hay,
My land, I wonder what I shall do?
My compact case is about worn thru."

Then back to the pages her mind did wander
And again on thoughts of the party she'd ponder,
She read of Caesar's Gallie war
But, goodness, she thought this book is a bore.

And then her thoughts to Jim did turn;
She wanted to cry and her eyes did burn,
He hadn't called for three hours or more
And she felt sure he must be sore.

And then her book she threw on the floor
Alas! Alas! she knew no more;
She said she could not learn it today
Though she tried in many a different way.

Doris Fiesel, '25.



Literary



“When Robyn had tolde his tale
He laughed and made good chere.”

PERENNIAL SPRING

Long ago in merrie England,
Robin Hood lived with his men,
They roamed the wide fields over,
Up the hills and down the glen.

They were dressed in bright green habits,
And to men they seemed to be
A merrier band of rovers,
Than ever sailed the sea.

The years are long and many
Since brave Robin and his men
Went roaming over hill tops,
Or tramping through the glen;

When trees bud in the springtime,
In their habits of bright green,
The people smile and whisper—
“Robin’s men will soon be seen!”

Margaret Marnette, '24.

WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

It was in a spirit of adventure that I called Little John and Will Scarlet from their bow and arrow to join me in a visit to East High. For a time, Little John demurred, pleading that a school was the last place he cared to see, since he had lately devised a superior bow which he was eager to use. But I prevailed upon him, and, curious to see what the morning would bring forth, we set out.

Upon reaching the school, Will Scarlet was so taken back by the strange appearance of the boys and girls on the lawn that he stopped short, refusing to go farther. The girls, with shorn locks and queer artificial faces, stood talking with debonair boys, who, judging from their acrobatic and athletic contests, seemed not to have a care in the world. Watching them, I found myself reflecting how hugely the Friar, with his appreciation of contests, would enjoy the demonstrations. Here I was of necessity forced to turn my attention to other fields as J-r-y C-r-a-threw a missile at me in his attempt to stop L-l-a- B-a-l-y, who had secured his beautiful new handkerchief and laid it on her head, saying, “Innocents abroad—mostly abroad.” I also observed that stern discipline reigned here occasionally as I saw E-e-o- C-s-o- and M-r-o-e- S-i-i-g-r, who were eating peanuts, sent without much ado to the cafeteria to finish their meal.

At this point we conceived the idea of separating, each person taking a different floor. Because of the judicial turn of my mind, I chose to remain on the first floor



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where there were likely to be so many interesting decisions made by the heads of the three offices. I was noting how completely books and lessons have taken the place of the outdoor life which I love when I heard C-r-l-n H-g-e- call to a rapidly disappearing person in a red sweater, "Oh, Ray! What time will you be out tonight?" How conscientious these people are to devote their evenings to lessons!

As I passed a classroom, I was astounded to see a professor fairly weighted down with books walking back and forth in front of the class; when he finally dropped the books on the desk, I heard F-w-i- G-a- whisper to C-e-t-s S-h-e-s-l-a-, "that's the fourth time he's told that joke."

As I passed a room where a number of children were either bent over tables or putting a long stemmed rod into a can of water, I wished that Little John were there to appreciate the scene. One girl was wailing, "I just can't get better than 542! Will that be a horrid grade?"

But evidently room 115 was not the only place of warfare—a fact which became apparent as I paused indeterminately outside room 121, arrested by the attitude of twelve or fifteen persons who were sitting therein. A very tall businesslike person before them was saying, "Now, I'm asking you fairly, if you were punishing yourselves for your misdemeanors, what would you suggest as to the proper punishment?" J-m-s M-g-e-r with all the formality and poise of a college man, rose and said deliberately, "Well, now, of course you can do what you *want* to, but *I* think—"

Caring very little about books and such affairs, naturally, I might have grown restless with so much evidence of learning all about me had I not stumbled into the refreshingly (?) spontaneous presence of H-r-e- I-m-n and J-h- W-l-o- who were reciting with a great deal of dramatic fervor, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." A large group began to flock to the soap-box orators, which dispersed almost instantly as the tall figure of Mr. B-r-o- issued in a determined manner from the office.

It was about this time that I became conscious of a hurrying and scurrying of all manners of persons down the hall. Tall, ponderous Seniors with the weight of four years of learning upon them, walked with small unsophisticated Freshmen who as yet were unaware of the wily tricks that were to be practiced upon them at the Senior-Freshman Party in the gym that afternoon. In the midst of all this commotion, I heard a familiar cry and turned to see Little John being rapidly forced down the stairs by B-b Y-u-g and R-y A-e-b-r-, on whose faces was an expression of outraged dignity. "See here!" sputtered Ray. "The next time that big gawk gets fresh in the library with his bow and arrow and breaks a bottle of ink on my English theme—!"

I turned sadly upon Little John who was cowering beside me. Perhaps it was the fear that was written on his face, or secret approval of the motive which led him to aim his bow at some of the pupils that kept me from chiding him. But the sudden appearance of Will Scarlet put an end to my indecision, and as we left East High, I knew that the only thing which had kept me from disgracing my name was the fact that I, unlike Little John, had had no bow and arrow. Otherwise it might have been a parallel case of outraged temperament.



THE SPECTRUM

In olden days, particularly in the courts and palaces of kings, the jest was the "be-all and the end-all" of man's existence. In these revolutionary times of struggling toward efficiency, sheer fun is apt to be passed over in the effort to regard everything seriously. These parodies on matters pertaining to school life show their authors to be keenly interested in the droll aspect of the affair.

Letha Hunter, with proper Senior boredom and bare tolerance of mere lessons, flourishes her opinions with characteristic spontaneity:

ENGLISH EIGHT

Now, my classmates, and companions in misery,
Hath not our lessons made this course more hard
Than that of other classes? Are not these days
More full of hardships than the Junior English?
Here have we now the handbook of old Woolley,
Lord Bacon's essays; as the one on travel,
And tiresome papers of Sir Roger de Coverley,
Which, when it pounds and pounds upon my poor brain,
Even tho' I try to comprehend, I sigh, and say,
This is no pleasure, these are tormentors
That knowingly do show me what I am.
Hard are the periods of my English,
Which, like the rose, perfumed and beautiful
Bears yet a prickly thorn barb in its stem,
And thus our course, for we have signed the class text,
Finds fear in themes, puzzles in grammar tests,
Terrors in books, and grief in every thing.

Nathan Weisman, bearing the weighty burdens of a perplexed Junior whose duty is still heavy upon him, pauses in his "grind" long enough to unburden his grievances:

CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE

Half a line, half a line,
Half a line onward,
All in the brave attempt
Strode the one hundred.
"Forward the studious ones!
Charge for the words!" she said.
Into the land of study
Strode the one hundred.

"Forward each boy and maid!"
Was there a soul that stayed?
Not though the students knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to heave a sigh,
Theirs not to say, "Oh, my,"
Theirs but to do or try:
Into the valley of words
Strode the one hundred.
Adjectives to right of them,
Adverbs to left of them,
Prepositions in front of them



Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with parts of speech,
Boldly they did but reach
Toward what she tried to teach,
Did the one hundred.

Prized all that they did find,
Storing facts in each keen mind,
Sabring the syllables there,
Charging a vocabulary, while
All the school wondered;
Plunged in the dictionary-smoke
Right through the words they broke;
Clauses and phrases
Reeled from an ingenius stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they came back, but not
Not the one hundred.

When can their glory fade,
Oh, that attempt they made;
All the school wondered.
Honor the plunge they made,
Honor the boy and maid,
Noble one hundred.

Eunice Meharry, possessing neither Junior servility nor Senior superiority, writes in the triumphant attitude of one around whose goal hovers a glow of beautiful promise:

GRADUATION

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a grammar school there passed
A youth whose motto still unheard
He had condensed to a single word,
Graduation!

"Try not the pass!" the Sophomore said,
"The way is hard—you'll lose your head."
But ambition stirred him from inside;
He with determined voice replied
Graduation!

"Oh, stay," the Junior said, "and rest
Thy tired brain from the wearying test!"
A gleam lit his light blue eye
But still he answered, with spirit high,
Graduation!

In due time, dressed in cap and gown,
He stood, the proudest grad in town,
Flowers, friends, congratulations,
All fulfilled his aspirations,
Graduation!



WHO WON?

The day was coming to a close. Long shadows began to cast themselves across the field from which had risen all day the cries of the two schools, East and West, from the throats of ten thousand people.

There in the field, which was in the center of this great bowl, were gathered eleven Scarlet and Black warriors preparing for the final try to take the mud-covered pigskin across the last white line. In front of them were eleven Maize and Blue men, wild-eyed, and telling each other "They can't do it! They can't do it!" The whistle blew, Charles Kennedy barked out a signal, and the ball flew into the hands of "Bob" Young, who made one of the prettiest shots ever seen on an East High basketball floor. West was desperate. The play grew fast and furious; up and down the floor swept the two teams and then "Bill" Chennel broke the state record in the one hundred yard breast stroke and gave East a slight lead. This lead did not last long, however, as Howard Ungles, who swam neck and neck with George Garton, suddenly knocked a home run and stood three men ahead of him, making the score four to three in the last half of the ninth inning.

George Bourland came to bat. He set his teeth, and while Ernest Porter was winning the half-mile race, George broke the state record in the mile, and while everybody held his breath, George Geyer and Braun from North High came down the stretch together, Craig McKee made a perfect put, making him one up on his golfing rivals. Ray Shope was having trouble; he drove into the water and was five strokes behind, when Glen Moore shot the ball across the net like a bullet, giving him the game, set and match.

After this we all went home feeling very much relieved at having pulled out of such tight places during the day.

MR. B.

The other day I interviewed a very important gentleman of the school, Mr. B—. He is very much looked up to by the students, especially the smaller freshmen. In a very modest way he told me of his active life in East High; of the many important duties he has; and of the great responsibility which rests upon his shoulders. I know all this is true, for Mr. B— is a very busy person and always on the job.

He is very well posted on the activities of the various organizations of our school and can give one important information concerning them whenever he is called upon. Seniors, just before Commencement, consult him about numerous things such as caps and gowns, graduation pictures, and East High pins and rings.

Mr. B— sees a great deal of the students and knows many of them well, for they make an effort to see him daily. He knows many of their secrets for they knew he will never whisper a word of them to anyone. I myself have told choicest bits of gossip in his presence without fear of their being told.

He is fond of bright colors and one may see him any day decked out in blues and reds or yellows and greens, usually with a gray background. He is a very neat person, especially since Gene Gray has become his tailor.

There! I have given you too great a hint; you surely know now that the august personage of whom I speak is Mr. Bulletin Board.

Dorothy Burrows, '25.

"No man was ever great without Divine inspiration."—Cicero.



ON ARISING TO THE OCCASION

Several years ago, when I had developed the true Sophomore characteristics of apathy and secret willingness to please, I was called upon after a special English lecture to express my opinion of the benefit derived from having slides with the lecture. Between the poignant uncertainty that hovered over my response, and the agonized suspense which preceded my delivery, there was a total void that can be compared only to the blankness that precedes an examination. When it finally did come, it burst forth with such a surprising and unexpected spontaneity that I was alternately amazed and terrified. The speech was of necessity brief; but the timidity which it inspired in me was a notable example of the potency of public demonstrations.

Consistently, I have a similar abhorrence of prefatory remarks as a means of introducing another person or his characteristics. I have in mind a teacher who sends subtle and barbed little shafts (of innocent intent, doubtless, though devastating in effect), made in generality, but applicable specifically. In the atmosphere vibrant with her opinions, one rises deprecatingly to read his censored contribution. I remember such an instance when, after receiving an impressive little oration from the teacher on supposed literary ability, I screwed my courage to the sticking place and read a theme on which I had spent less time and thought than anything I had ever done. The vague movement of the class as a body when I finished was quite sufficient to impress upon me the fact that whimsical "genius" may be very mediocre.

My family, believing devoutly in my ability, would have had me catalogued neatly as assuming one of four vocations when I "grew up." Of course, I might write; and since I was especially interested in current affairs, I might possibly do special feature articles for some newspaper. There was also the suspicion in their minds that I would turn to interior decorating on a small scale, since I had evinced a slight interest in this field by painting, with indefatigable industry, a bed and a chest. But their most insistent idea, which they had tried to inculcate into the minds of guests who might be staying in our home was that I should some day become a great singer. I had always, in tender years, complied with the request of my doting parents in singing—I do not know precisely whether it was a popular or folk song—"Pony Boy," with the proper coy mien of a precocious child. After that, possessing a voice which, from no lenient angle of tolerance whatever could possibly be considered even legitimate, I went very pathetically into a musical decline.

I have been at parties where (at that exact time when the evening seemed to have reached its zenith in merriment) I (for no apparent reason) grew suddenly heavy-lidded and sodden in spirit. At such times I have no apologies for sitting in stolid silence. I have the attitude toward a jest that "if it were done, it were best that it be done quickly;" and if my senses, like the Arabs, fold up and silently steal away, I have yet an explanation in my own mind for my seeming stupidity: it is merely another instance of the reversion of a complex personality to the simple.

"There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business."



MING TOY'S SILVER SLIPPERS

Ming Toy's heart sang lightly as she ran out into the small garden adjoining her home. Spring was coming, she was sure, for she had found a tiny bloom on one of the cherry trees. The sun was more bright, too, and the nights were not so long.

There was more to be happy for than the coming spring, for her father would return that day and perhaps he would bring her a pair of much-coveted silver slippers.

Ming Toy was the only child of Yioa Chan, a well-to-do merchant-officer of the government. Ming Toy's mother had died when the fever came to the town long ago, and so her aunt had tried to be a mother to her. Ming Toy was sixteen now, and day by day she was becoming more like her mother; black hair, glossy as the tiny ebony tea table in the front room, teeth as small and white as grains of rice, soft brown eyes, and pale cream colored skin tinted like the morning sky.

Ming Toy ran here and there smiling at the birds upon the trees, and thinking how fast the time had flown since the last blossom had fallen from the trees. She sat down upon the stone bench and looked about her. Soon she spied a pair of birds and so engrossed was she in watching them, that she did not hear the footsteps behind her. When her father touched her shoulder, she jumped up from the bench.

"Ming Toy," spoke her father, "Little Cherry Blossom, see—I have brought your silver slippers; hold out your dainty foot that I may fit one on it."

Ming Toy bowed low before her father and then raised her red lips to his cheek.

"Ah, most adored sire, indeed I am most glad to have you return—and oh, my silver slippers!"

Indeed they were beautiful, those tiny bits of footwear. Light blue, they were, embroidered in silver, slender and dainty enough for Titania (if Ming Toy had not had feet as slender as the famed fairy queen.)

When they had been fitted on, Ming Toy spoke: "Oh, sire, they make one think of a dark sky full of shiny stars, or the song of the night-in-gale when the lights have been dimmed."

Yioa Chan knelt and placed the other slipper on her foot and Ming Toy stood up and laughed. Then away she ran to her aunt.

"Look, Lia Sing, my silver slippers, are they not wonderful?" She paused for a moment to wave a merry "good-bye" to her father, then ran through the small gate onto the walk.

As she hurried along it seemed as if the world had never been so bright and sunny. She passed by merry groups of smiling ladies sipping tea on the porch of a cottage. They were dressed in bright kimonas and wore brilliant flowers in their carefully-dressed hair.

Ming Toy tripped along until she was about three blocks from her home. All at once it seemed as if the sun had hidden behind a cloud. She went on and as she passed a fruit vender's stand, she heard the man say scornfully, "Ha—look, would yon, at our fine little girl! As if common blue were not enough—silver indeed! Bah!"

Ming Toy shivered and wished she had not come so far. Her slippers, somehow, seemed to have lost their charm—on one was a smudge and the dust lay in specks upon the other.

She passed another group of children. These were playing in the streets and had dirty rude little faces and torn clothing. One of them, a little boy, came up before her and after looking for a moment at her, called to his playmates, "Oh



The Quill

look—silver slippers and blue satin kimona! Let's kidnap her and maybe her fine father will pay us a big price for her return."

Ming Toy looked about her for means of escape. There seemed to be none at all. Finally one of the larger boys said, "No, come away. It would only lead us into trouble. Let her go."

Ming Toy turned and ran back past the fruit vender's stand out into the resident district, past the group of children who somehow seemed less happy, past the ladies who had grown tired of talking to each other, and finally into her own garden.

There she kicked one slipper off resentfully and with a rebellious little foot, dug the tip of the sparkly toe fiercely into the ground.

Margaret Marnette, '24.

"BRIDGES"

So many have written of bridges that span
Great rivers, near cities, and cars that ran
O'er them, day after day.

But I am to write of a bridge spanning o'er
A tiny running stream, with boards for its floor,
With wisteria climbing o'er its old rotten boards
And beneath, the old bridge hoards
Blue grey shadows.

Instead of cars that run all day
Here is where little children play.
From each errand they stop on their way
To hear the old bridge laugh and say:
"Which is the happier, my brother or I?"
And can you hear the other bridge sigh
As it answers in reply:
"Which is the happier? My brother, aye!"

Greta Huggins, '25.

SPRING

When the first warm summer sun
Breaks down through the winter air
When the warm south wind does come
It spreads charms everywhere.

Over plains and hills and dales,
Across the rivers wild and wide,
Accompanied by the balmy gale,
Melts the snow wherein doth hide
The earth; which with its treasures bared
Sets forth its hidden life anew
Those things for which she mostly cared
And hovered till the coming dew.

Oh, Spring with gifts so sweet and rare,
You bring us all so many tokens,
And leave them here for us to share
When winter's ice and snow are broken.

Allister J. McKown, '24.



THE SPECTATOR—IN 1924

The Spectator papers, written in 1709 by Addison and Steele, were intended to serve as a commentary on those times, referring particularly to the gatherings at the coffee houses and clubs. The papers are quite informal, very delightfully chatty, and possessing a really charming humor, which, though not particularly evident, is doubly pleasing to the reader because of its subtleness. In these papers, several students have assumed the position of the looker-on and related their own impressions and opinions in much the same style as Addison or Steele would have written them.

THE SIGNPOST

Vol. I, No. 1.

“The wind that whispered to the earth,
The bird that sang its earliest lay,
The flower that blossomed at my birth—
My kinsmen all were they.”

John Banister Tabb.

I have observed that a reader does not get the full amount of pleasure from a book until he knows whether or not the author is a man or a woman, married or single. He must needs know the color of the author's hair and eyes, his likes and dislikes, his favorite sport, his views on life, his type of clothes and his gastronomical choices. To gratify this natural curiosity, I shall give in this, and following papers, an account of myself and those engaged with me in this work. But as I do all the actual writing I must do myself the justice to open with my own history.

There was nothing really remarkable in my infancy, and so, against my natural inclination, I shall pass over it in silence. During my early school years, I had the reputation of being a very mischievous child and my teachers were forced to watch me very closely. I had not been very long at high school before I distinguished myself by my noisy clamor. I was an excellent example of a person endowed with a “gift of ‘ gab.’ ” This was very unusual for a person of my sex and nationality, but I felt that my time upon life's stage was so short that it was my duty to say all I could in the time allotted me. But as I can talk to only a few at a time, I am taking this opportunity to let both my words of wisdom and my vain speeches be heard by more than the few.

Vol. I, No. 2.

Our club consists of three members besides myself, a varied but goodly company. We are as different in type, character, and disposition as the two poles, but it has long been our custom to meet occasionally and exchange opinions on everything, anything, and nothing. The differences between our ages and dispositions only make our discussions the more jolly. We are all true pals. Our names, I will admit, sound a bit peculiar, but it has always been the habit of doting mothers to saddle impossible names upon infants too young to defend themselves.

The first of our society is Miss Honey B. Sweet, and a sweeter person never lived. Of her age, just barely legal; of her wisdom, infinite; of her appearance, neat. Her youth, beauty, culinary art, soft voice, ability to make one at ease and comfortable make her the most beloved of the whole club. She is unselfish and considers everyone before herself. It is with a sense of its appropriateness that we call her the “Honey Bee.”

Theodosius Peabody Brown III seems a very strange person to find in our midst. The son of wealthy parents, he has lived a life of leisure. He is a



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curious mixture of the teachings of his two parents—his father, broad-minded, a lover of vigorous, clean sports, and stressing the biggest things of life; his mother, fastidious, sponsor of petty movements in the social circle through which she revolves, and stressing the minor things of life, as manicures, social engagements, and clothes. Needless to say, it was his mother who named him.

While she comes last in my account of our club members, merely because they could not all come second, Mrs. Fancy Newfad is never last in anything. She knows about everything before the world in general even suspitions it. She gains much of this knowledge on her shopping tours. While she seldom misses anything that is going on, she is always and forever in poor health. Not that she bores us with long tales of her ailments, but—a wistful smile, a weary gesture, and phrase serve to keep them before us. These are my ordinary companions.

Vol. I, No. 3.

Our club lives on argument. We listen patiently to each other, weigh and balance carefully the issue at hand, and leave, still cherishing our original opinions. Last evening the peaceful quiet of our conversation was disrupted. We became excited; we raised our voices in vain protest; we gripped the arms of our chairs; and we frankly declared our opinions of people who spoke as our dear friends spoke. And all because Sophis T. Cated asked Honey B. Sweet why she didn't bob her hair. "Honeybee" has beautiful hair, a rich, golden brown which she takes back softly and rolls into a loose knot. It waves naturally and forms a pleasing frame for her face.

Mrs. Fancy Newfad immediately championed the cause "To Bob," supported by Sophis T. Cated. Everybody was doing it and even though it was very common it would soon be general. There were almost as many different bobs as there were ways of dressing long hair. It was a great time saver. It was so much more convenient for washing, for combing, for dress, and for sports. Lastly, there were very few people who did not look well with bobbed hair.

Theodosius agreed with them, he never goes directly against Sophis, in the advantages of a bob, but said that in the case of "Honeybee" he thought it would be unwise.

I was greatly against it. Every May, Dot and Ellen has her hair bobbed. Sooner or later they always curled it and ruined what natural wave they had. And, I maintained, it would be nothing less than a crime to cut such beautiful hair.

With a last final plea to "Honeybee" to be converted to our viewpoint we left, leaving her in the doorway murmuring abstractedly to herself, "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." But is it done when 'tis done? And I answered vehemently, "NO!"



What's Doing?

"What news? What news, thou silly old woman
What news hast thou for me?"

WILSON MEMORIAL ASSEMBLY

Woodrow Wilson, our ex-president, passed from the scene of strife and sorrow on Sunday morning, the third of February, at eleven o'clock. East High paid its tribute to him in the form of a memorial assembly on the afternoon of February 6th. Mr. Burton introduced Rev. S. A. Fulton, of the First Presbyterian Church, who spoke to us of Wilson, his life, and his high ideals. A portrait of the former president was on the stage and it seemed to solicit us, each and all, to be better American citizens. The school quartet then sang appropriate music while all in the room stood with bowed heads in silent commemoration of the man who had given his best to his country.

Thelma Ries.

LUNCH PERIOD ENTERTAINMENTS

"Variety is the spice of life," is the slogan that the Public Entertainment Committee of the Student Council has adopted for the lunch hour entertainments for the student body. This committee consists of Marjorie Swanson, Jean Hoff, and James McGreevey. It has been impossible on account of the double session schedule to arrange for a social hour. And with the cooperation of the various school organizations some very interesting programs are being planned for the 5th and 6th periods on Monday and Wednesday of each week, as follows:

March 24—Picture.	April 21—Boys' H. Y.
March 26—Dramatic Club.	April 23—Y. W. C. A.
March 31—Junior Y. W.	April 28—Mr. Gilbert.
April 2—Junior Y. M.	April 30—Latin Club.
April 7—Mr. Gilbert.	May 5—Stud. Council.
April 9—Shakespearean.	May 7—Senior Class.
April 14—Picture.	May 12—Camp Fire.
April 16—Forensic.	May 14—Spanish Club.

It is hoped that the student body will show their approval of these entertainments by their attendance. Now, altogether, let's cooperate for some good times together!

Marjorie Swanson.



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CALENDAR

JANUARY

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell of the bold doings
That happened in East High here.

□ □

January 28

And when they came into the school
yard
Marching all in a row,
The first man was little Freshman
All green from head to toe.

As the Seniors on the front steps stood
And under the old oak tree,
They were aware of these brave young
men,
As fine as fine might be.

FEBRUARY

February 1

Then Clarke he hasted o'er the way,
He did neither run nor walk,
Until to the Chamber of Commerce
He came and to all the men did talk.

Now the Philo girls to East High come,
With a link a down and a day, oh;
To sup and talk at a feast so fair
And be jolly along the way, oh.

□ □

February 4

"Welcome, O, welcome!" Mrs. Miller,
she said,
Your speeches do please me,
You shall have no part in the big spring
play,
Till your acting and speaking I see."

□ □

February 6

The leader, Wilson, to his rest is gone,
And not afraid was he
To go unto his Maker
Across the Unknown sea.

And all East High in reverence stood,
With bowed heads sad and low,
For him who did his every task
When it he had to do.

February 8

Now the Seniors to Mr. Burton have
gone,
With bold and triumphant pace;
And there he counts their credits o'er
And considers each his ease.

□ □

February 11

Then the English teachers took their
horns of gold,
And blew blasts two or three,
And two and three young writers bold
Came leaping o'er the lea.

"What hast thou here?" the Quill
Staff said,
"I prithee tell unto me."
"We are the new members," quoth
they,
"And the best in the East country."

□ □

February 12

To honor Lincoln and the Scouts
The happy East bands met
And paid due homage to those whose
lives
Can call forth no regret.

□ □

February 14

And then the Philo girls did shout
Of happiness full were they
For in the scholarship ranking
The highest of all stood they.

□ □

February 15

And Scotty's famous swimming team
Forth to the battle went,
And vanquished all their enemies
And home their honors sent.

□ □

February 20

The Student Council organized,
And chose their leaders fair
To guide them thru the school year
long,
And shoulder every care.

The Hi Y Boys were gleeful
As they took in members new
And each one thought it was worth-
while
To join a club so true.



February 21

Then Hi Y Girls from each high school
Did meet at old East High
To join in merry laugh and play
And sing till night was nigh.

□ □

February 22

To honor Washington, the father
Of our country broad and fair,
We assembled all together
And did homage to him there.

The Camp Fire Girls gave a party
For Lincoln and Washington;
And the Seniors had a meeting
This day at height of sun.

And little cards of color-pink,
Made some parents stop and think
That students who were in at night
Would not get grades that were a
fright.

□ □

February 26

And medals fair were awarded
To our keen swimming team;
And Scotty, our famous leader, got one,
And with pride we all did beam.

□ □

February 29

March 5-7

"O, who are these," the other schools
said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're our debaters," East did say
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

March 5

The Hi Y Boys in happy mood,
Did give a feast this day,
For their old dads who brot them up,
And helped them on their way.

□ □

March 9

There are three times in every term,
When we do rave and moan;
For that is when the grades come out
And we reap the seeds we've sown.

□ □ .

March 12

"Y" Boys from East and West and
North
And Roosevelt High too,
At the jamboree at East
A jolly program carried thru.

□ □

March 19

Monograms of red and black
Were given on this day
To those who worked long weeks for
them,
And won their points that way.

□ □

March 20

"What hast thou here?" the city said,
"I prithee tell unto me."
"This is the new spring play," quoth
they,
"And the best of the East country."

So things that happen along the way
To students in East High here
Excite us thru the passing day
And become—memories.

DRAMATICS

Each year it becomes more of a fact that East High has a dramatic art department of great worth. Residents of Des Moines feel a thrill of pride when one of its speaking teams is victorious, and watch eagerly for its plays. They know that East High productions are of a standard that makes them well worth seeing.

The basis of most of the work is the public speaking classes under Mrs. Christine Corey Miller. Whether or not you are talented you will enjoy these classes. The plays and operettas, the extemporaneous contests, declamatory and debating work serve as stepping stones to larger things. The work is varied enough to suit every taste and—who doesn't enjoy strutting on the music room stage? Due to the excellent abilities of Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Francis, who is in charge of the debaters, the department has grown and expanded. We are very fortunate in having Mrs. Miller, whose excellent work is recognized by dramatic critics everywhere. But she, like us, believes in East High.



The Quill

HONOR ROLL

In assemblies we loudly acclaim those heroes who bring honor to East High through athletics, music, public speaking, dramatics and the literary field. Meanwhile the hardworking student goes his way in silence. The Quill is glad to publish an Honor List of students who are serving East High by raising her scholarship standard. Only final grades in classes which meet five times a week were counted.

The following persons received four ones last semester:

Margaret Diehl	Matie Kaplan
Donald Douglas	Joe McGrew Lang
Doris Fiesel	Edward Paterson
Harry Hartwick	Myer Sutton

Those who received three ones are:

Harry Bahner	Clifford Julstrom
John L. Baker	Anna Kauzlarich
Frances Blakely	Emery Kennedy
Anna Elizabeth Burger	Frances Kirkham
Mildred Josephine Child	Ethel A. Lueas
D. Willard Coughlin	Craig McKee
Robert Crawford	Alfred Michaelson
Dorothy DeBie	Mable Murrow
Grace Everly	Helen Quinn
Robert Goodrich	Thelma Ries
Lucile Hockenberg	Vera Rhone
Jennie Hoff	Frank Shames
Greta Huggins	Gladys Swanson
Edna N. Johnson	Marjorie Swanson
Marie Johnson	Lois L. Thornburg
Ralph Johnson	Hazel Wilson
Alice Jones	Robert G. Wilson

“PEG O’ MY HEART” GREAT SUCCESS

The play chosen by Mrs. Miller for our fall play was the famous three act comedy, “Peg ‘O My Heart,” by J. Hartley Manners. The cast was well chosen and the work of each one was far beyond what is usually expected of high school students. The star of the evening was, of course, “Peg.” Margaret Cronland did some exceptional work in this part, which was a very hard one for good amateur interpretation. She sustained the part throughout, never once losing the identity of the little Irish Peg. Her pantomime work was unusually good. This is the first time Margaret has ever appeared in dramatics and we are looking forward to her doing some good work for us again. Cleotus Schlessemann handled the part of “Jerry” in a most convincing manner. We all enjoyed his good hearty laugh. The part of Alarie, the young Englishman, was very cleverly interpreted by Willard Mabee. Other characters in the play were: Louise Batchelor, who played Mrs. Chichester; Rita Novenger, who played Ethel, Mrs. Chichester’s daughter; Robert Young and Chester Holdefer, who interpreted the parts of Christian Brent and Montgomery Hawkes, respectively. The parts of the maid and butler were taken by Margaret Trout and Gilbert Rogers. Mr. A. J. Hostetter had charge of the stage, Mr. Houser and Mr. Wisdom of



ticket sales, and Miss Macy of the art work. The dramatic and general director was Mrs. Christine Corey Miller.

The stage pictures and lighting effects were very interesting and showed careful planning and study on the part of our director.

A capacity house witnessed the play, many being turned away from the doors both nights. Almost three hundred found it impossible to gain admission Friday night. This speaks well for our dramatic department, for our old audiences keep coming back to our plays. The play was a real success.

“COMMUNITY COURSE PLAY”

The play chosen for the Community Course was “A Tailor Made Man,” a four act comedy by Harry James Smith. The cast was a very large one. This gave opportunity to many students, but made the presentation of a successful performance much more difficult. However, the play proved very worthwhile, and was somewhat different from anything before presented at East High School.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Huber.....	Ray Arenberg
Mr. Rowlands.....	Craig McKee
Peter	Stanley Wilson
Dr. Sonntag.....	Jack Duncan
Fanya Huber.....	Lillian Bradley
John Paul Bart.....	John Woodmansee
Pomeroy	John Hoff
Mrs. Stanlaw.....	Margaret Cronland
Mr. Stanlaw.....	Lee Mussell
Corrine Stanlaw.....	Mary Garton
Bobby Westlake.....	Robert Young
Mrs. Fitzmorris.....	Margery Mathis
Mr. Fitzmorris.....	Robert Wood
Wheating	Dean Lightfoot
Mrs. Kitty Depuy.....	Margery Slininger
Bessie Depuy.....	Katherine Cosson
Mr. Jellicott.....	Willard Mabee
Abraham Nathan.....	Don Burnett
Miss Shayne.....	Charlotte Miller
Mr. Russell.....	John Kurtzwell
Mr. Cain.....	Robert Young
Mr. Flynn	Ralph Wiesner
Society maids and matrons—	Marjorie Gustafson, Letha Hunter, Eleanor Cosson,
Janet Thompson.	

The play was presented March 20th and March 21st under the direction of Mrs. Christine Corey Miller.

This clever comedy was enjoyed by large audiences and all agreed that it came up to the standard of excellent dramatic work which East High has established.

The E.H. School Family





Juniors



THE JUNIORS

Oh we Juniors are a jolly bunch,
And we've a right to be,
For have we not passed two long years
Of work and misery?

For when we first as Freshmen came,
To join the East High throng,
We dodged the upper classmen,
And worried all day long.

And when our Freshman woes were o'er,
Then we were Soph'mores bold;
Our worries were to be someone,
Before we got too old.

We're joyous now, we're Juniors gay,
But Seniors soon we'll be,
And have to walk with stately mien,
And show our dignity.

So now you see why the Junior Class
Looks always bright and fair,
We lead a life of joy and thrills,
And turn our backs on Care.

Eugene Griffith, '25.

SCIENCE AND ART IN EAST HIGH

The science and art of gum chewing in East High is one phase of school life in which a great number of students may and do participate. It is appalling to watch some of the freshies learning to control their jaws in the artful operation of mastication. From the expression on the faces of some of them, one would imagine that it was strenuous exercise, yet a thrill of pride shows itself, as if a great feat is being accomplished.

By the time we are Sophomores we don't have to stop talking to chew. Once in a while, perhaps, we can get through a class without parting with that sticky, juicy bit of refreshment.

The Juniors are a little more clever, and have learned the trick of safely depositing their gum some where out of sight, when one of the teacher's questioning glances falls their way.

The dignified Seniors, possessors of all wisdom, are so efficient and skillful in this line that one can hardly notice the slight movement of their jaws. With four years of training in the halls and class rooms of East High they are perfect in this one accomplishment.

So it has been, is, and will be forever in East High School.

Ernest Porter, '25.

OUR BOOK PAGE





SCHLAUSHEIMER DON'T GONCILIATE

His name vos Schlausheimer, vat mendedt furnitoor und put cane seats in de pottoms of a shair. He had von wife by his secondt marriages, und she calledt him her secondt-handt husbandt on account he vos marriedit befor to a womans py de name of Gretchen, vot had red hair und green eyes. Schlausheimer used to said he vos marriedit pooty vell, not on account he vos marriedit many, like old Bingum Young, put on account he vos marriedit mooch—250 pounds avoirdutray,—dot vos his wife.

Mrs. Schlausheimer she vos fat like a barrels und Schlausheimer he vos fat like a match.

Dey had ten children betwen dem. Two vos poys, two vos girls, four vos a triplet, und dree vos a dwin.

I vent vone tay to Schlausheimer's on account he did not brought a shair he was mending pack, und I found dem playing de Franco-Prussian War.

"Vot's all dat dronbless?" says I.

Vell, Mrs. Schlausheimer had a proomstick her hand in, und she vos drying to poke a cat or sometings from outd de pedt unter. She looked up und say,

"Mr. Von Bone, I can do nothings mit dot Schlausheimer."

"Did you tried moral bersuasion mit him, vonce?" says I.

Vell, befor she couldt answer, dot cat comes vrom de pedt unter outd, und it wasn't any cat at all, it vos Schlausheimer und he says,

"Mr. Von Bone, I vill told you de kindt of moral bersuasions my wife uses mit me on. She calls me tay pehindt yesterday a oldt crapshootin' alley."

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer proke in,

"Put didn't you told I vos a woman's rights confention?"

Den Schlausheimer proke outd,

"Put didn't you nearly, mit a proomstick on accountd of dot, proke my arm?"

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer she says,

"Put dot vos his own fault, Mr. Von Bone, I vos shoost going to rap him a little on de head, und if he didn't put up his arm it vouldn't got hurt, like a fool. Schlausheimer, efery cent he gets, he loses him in crappin'. Und den he haf sooch a pad indisposition he comes und peats me home."

"Vell," says I, "can you not in some manner goneciliate him?"

"I does eferytings I con found outd," says she, "to goneciliate him. I sehold him, I pull his eyes, und scratch his hair, I kicks him de pedt outd,—put he don't goneciliate."

Edith Wootton, '25.

THE STORY FROM THE OLD HAIR TRUNK

Ever since I had been staying at Eleonor's we had had lots of fun; tennis or golf in the afternoon and always something in the evening. And this particular afternoon we were going to the Country Club for the last round of golf in the tournament and—of course it was raining.

I had a book and was curled up in the living room, staring moodily out of the window, and Eleonor was running funny scales up and down the piano, when her grandmother came in and sat down in her favorite chair. A smile flickered over her cheerful, wrinkled face as she glanced from one to the other of us. This smile irritated me and I burst out, "Oh, Grandmother, please tell us something to do to break this monotony." Again Grandmother smiled as she said, "Eleonor, have you forgotten the old hair trunk?" Yes, she *had* forgotten the old hair trunk which had helped pass many pleasant afternoons in her childhood, but it still must hold some secrets. So we both ran toward the big stairway which led first to the upstairs and from there to the attie.



When we came to the attic, Eleanor knelt and crawled back under the eaves, and then came forth, sputtering, but dragging after her the desired hair trunk.

The first dress she brought out was a white silk with a little cape which came to a point in the back and front. When Eleanor held it up to her it came about four inches from the floor, and below this were the darlingest little pantalettes. These were all hand tucks with lace on the edge of each one. After laughing over this dress of an olden time, Eleanor proposed that we take it down to Grandmother. On the way down she told me that Grandmother loved to tell stories regarding the old dresses that reposed in the trunk in the attic.

When we came into the living room, Grandmother looked from us to the old dress we were holding. We handed it to her and she took it and fondled it as it lay on her lap; her eyes became dreamy and she said:

"Well, my dears, this dress was the wedding dress of my great aunt, Barbara Ann. She was engaged to marry, so they say, the finest young man in the town. Barbara Ann had all her linen made, her dress completed, and even her flowers selected when the Revolutionary War broke out. They say John, her lover, was at Barbara's home when the call came, and that he said to her, 'My dear, I feel as if I should go to my country's aid, but I cannot think of coming home maimed, or leaving you a widow.' And as she was a brave little patriot she answered, 'John, I think, too, that you are bound to help fight for the independence of America.' So he left her that day, amidst her linen and wedding finery and went to the war. One day word was brought to her that—her lover had been killed at Bunker Hill."

Here Grandmother stopped, laughed a catchy little laugh, and wiped her glasses.

"Is that all?" we questioned.

"Yes, that is all, my dears, but she never married after that. She lived to be ninety-four years old, and every one in town said she was one of the noblest and gentlest women in town. She was a friend to everyone."

Greta Huggins, '25.

JUNIOR HARDSHIPS

TYPING

Perhaps my greatest trial may sound trivial to those who have read and experienced many others, but for me this exceeds all.

We appear in typing Monday morning with bright countenances and great hopes that all that begins well may end well. The first blow to our spirits is to have a lesson assigned for the week that sounds absolutely impossible. We are then informed that today we must take a test that will consume the entire period, hence we cannot start on our assignment. We work one period in the afternoon, perhaps going without lunch to do so, and if we complete an exercise we do not feel quite so down hearted. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we are prepared to have transcripts in which we *may* get a "1," but quite as likely a "5." On each of these days we appear in room 306 in the afternoon. Friday we think we shall surely have a chance to work on our assignment, but if we do not have a test or an assembly, some teacher will surely need a class list typed, and to this we may devote our period. Again the teacher in 306 has the pleasure—or otherwise—of looking on our faces in the afternoon, and we must burn the midnight oil to get our other lessons. We may emerge from the room tired but triumphant, knowing we have completed our work and merited a "3." And next week it's the same thing over again.

On top of all this we may be burdened by the use of a machine badly in need of repair. If we yield once to the temptation to erase, all possibility of passing



is gone. After laboring all this time, we are awarded with but one half credit, as typewriting is supposed to be a one period subject with no home preparation.

Doris Fiesel, '25.

A JUNIOR'S CONFESSION

1

Say brother, how's Math five, and oh!!
Have you yet tried reading your Cicero,
And "The House of Seven Gables"?
You like them, you say? Bug House Fable.

2.

Say brother, in that history test the other day
I nearly fainted dead away,
When the teacher said, "To get this test I know you're able,"
With confidence I answered, "Yes." Bug House Fable.

3

The day before the cards came out,
My mind was in a perfect rout;
But what do you think, man alive!
I didn't get a single five! Bug House Fable.

Willard Coughlan, '25.

SHORT STORIES

I had been in my English five class a very short time when the teacher said, "Most of the work this six weeks will deal with short stories."

"Easy stuff, no work to this," thought I, but she continued to speak, and after a few moments spent in wondering what easy English would be like, I listened again.

This is what I heard her say: "And as there are very few copies of these books in the library, it will be hard to get the stories."

Again I dreamed, but my dreams were not so pleasant; "Very few copies, hard to get. Wonder what she'd say if you didn't have them?"

In answer to my thoughts I heard these words: "You must have the story every day, on time."

"Well, anyhow, it's oral," I thought.

But again I heard her voice, "For tomorrow you will write your report."

To a branch library I went that night, and after an hour's search, hidden on a shelf I found the book. I went home, wondering if I would have to do the same the next day. I did, and for many days thereafter, either a school, city or branch library was visited by me, and sometimes all three. Many times, even after visiting three libraries, I found no book so came to the school library early in the morning.

Once I did all and failed; to the teacher I told my tale of woe; she answered, "Eighth period this afternoon."

"How many libraries do you expect me to go to?" I mumbled under my breath.

"What's that?" said she.

I answered with that old old question, "Will you be in 219?"

This is the tale of an average week for the Junior short story student.

John McMamus, '25.

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PROMINENT JUNIORS



Donald Burnett, our President of the Student Council. A debater and shining light in class.



Margaret Cronland Junior stage star. Our own "Peg." Popular with all who know her.



George Garton, of swimming fame. Known not to say much. Scotty Russell's right hand man.



Ruth Foster, Literary editor of Quill. A girl to whom four or five ones are common.



Craig McKee Master of yells. Business manager of Quill. Noted for leadership and scholarship ability.



Rita Novenger, the President of the Y. W. Played prominent part in "Peg O' My Heart."

At the present time the Seniors think they are the only class,—but we ask you, what the school would do without the Juniors? We mention a few of the Juniors who fill important places in our school.



TROUBLE WITH SCHOOL

It isn't school that I dislike,
It's only maps and books,
The exercises and the tests
And sometimes teacher's looks.

In school us boys are mostly chums,
As in vacation days;
But all is spoiled by rules and sums,
And teacher's bossy ways.

If we are caught a' chewing gnm,
She makes an awful fuss,
And when we go to basketball,
She rings the bell for us.

Just let the boys have all the fun,
That lies within their reach.
And just as soon as we are done,
We'll let the teacher teach.

Louis Rich, '25.

JUNIOR'S GUIDE

For Short Story Work

B Jnniors, Stop! Read and Learn! When the English teacher asks for your review, don't respond with the old alibi, "I left it in my locker," merely inform her that the book was not in the library. Another suggestion—mix your assignments so as to read the short and humorous ones first. For example: if the story to be read is sorrowful, such as "Marse Chan," read "Goliath," a humorous selection. Variety is an important factor in making a class room pleasant. Always hand in your review as you first wrote it. A second writing may lead you to make changes which would lessen its originality. Remember, originality is the mark of genius. Ten to fifteen minutes in reading and writing your review is quite sufficient. Glance hastily over the story and write it in less than five minutes. Never allow English lessons to interfere with your recreation.

You can easily win your teacher's favors by revealing to her the economical habits which you possess. Never be so extravagant as to waste ink foolishly for periods, apostrophes, dots over the i's, and crosses through the t's. It is also absolutely unnecessary to indent the first word of each paragraph and to use only one side of your paper, according to Miss Bonfield's latest statements. This guide has been endorsed and sanctioned by East High's English teachers. They have pledged to do all in their power to aid the students to follow out in detail all of these essential points. William Bagg, Ezra Turner, and Nile Gray are only three of the countless followers of this guide. Their phenomenal success as good English students is wholly due to their strict and unswerving adherence to it.

They always observe the following rules:

1. Write on both sides of English paper.
2. Leave out all marks of punctuation.
3. Never rewrite a review.
4. Five minutes is quite sufficient for an English preparation.

Ben Levine, '25.



THE SINGING DONKEY

"Eee-aw, ee."

"Wha-a-ang," rang the trombone.

"Eee-aw, eee-aw," came the echo.

The crowd applauded hilariously and, as the song ended, a donkey, dressed as an old lady, walked to the front of the ring and stood gazing at the crowd. He must have appreciated the applause because he wriggled his ears so approvingly that his spectacles fell off. He seemed to be able to see quite well without them, however, and soon left the ring, as his act was over. A "singing donkey" was a new attraction, even for a circus, and the donkey's owner grew surprisingly rich.

After the success of the act in the circus ring, he decided to try it on the stage.

The play was arranged for and the donkey was being trained thoroughly. One thing the owner had overlooked and that was the real cause of the failure of the act. The donkey had always performed in the saw-dust ring and had never even practiced on the stage.

The music started for the performance and the donkey trotted out on the stage dressed as an old lady. The trombone "who-angled" but the donkey didn't answer. Again the band struck the chord, and the trombone "who-angled" but still no answering bray. Instead of "singing" the donkey was going through a series of high steps which resembled toe-dancing far more than it did singing, and was even very poor toe-dancing.

As his hoofs had touched the stage the donkey was so fascinated with the amount of noise he could make by just stepping on the floor he decided to try jumping and kicking—which he did perfectly. He was finally led off the stage, happy, but in disgrace forever as far as his stage ambitions were concerned.

As long as he performed in a saw-dust ring he would "sing" dutifully, but whenever his hoofs touched the hard surface of the stage he forgot his "song" and thought only of his own pleasures.

Thelma Ries, '25.

IN THE DAYS THAT USED TU WUZ

In the days that used tu wuz, I used ter be a freshman. Them wuz grand old days fur me; I thot I wuz somebody. (I found later that I was a "freshman") I had been regarded as sumbody the perceding year becuz I wuz a goin ter go to high school the neest year an so, quite naturly, I eespected tu be regarded the same when I got tu high-school. But thare my dreems dissupeered with the cuming of the noledge that I wuz meerly a "freshie" and that no mater wot I'd du I cudn't chainge that fakt.

The next year, however, I started being nicknamed "Sophie"; why, I doant no as I never cud figger out how they got "Sophie" out of jest a plane common an' ordinary name like I got. Nevertheless, in spite of the nicknaime, I began to think I was sumbody else and must have showed signs of thinking suehe for frequently I herd remarkks past between other pupels that about next year I'd start thinking differunlty.

Well, hear I am in the next year, and tuh be real truthful with yuh, I am beginnig to feel jest reel differunt. In fakt, if I get feeling any differunter by next year, thare won't be anything left of me, I'm afraid.

Dorothy Cahill, '25.



THE BALLAD OF THE DESPERATE FRESHMAN

I saw a poor young freshman,
Come sobbing down the hall;
The tears were streaming down his cheeks,
While loudly he did bawl.

“My locker’s on the upper floor,
My English two flights down,
My History has mixed me up,
My head goes roun’ and roun’.

“I wandered down, I wandered up.
I wandered all about.
When I found my room at last,
The teacher put me out.”

I heard the poor young freshman,
Go sobbing down the hall;
Until he turned the corner,
“Silence,” and that was all!

Ruth Eighme, '25.

FRANKLIN VIEWS THE PRESENT

Ye fishes and little gods!—(Is that the way you say it?)—I feel like a modern Rip just awakened after his twenty year sleep—only mine has been one of that number of years plus about a hundred—in the midst of this shifting throng of youth today. What can be the attraction over there on the west side of the corridor? Has some one fainted? The trophy case, you say? Well, well, I believe in my Autobiography I said I was vain, but I’ve changed my opinion since having seen those boys and girls gaze so proudly at their reflections in that trophy case mirror.

You have some very particular students in East High, haven’t you? That busy miss picking up that chewing-gum wrapper over there, for instance. A clean up campaign? An excellent scheme, I say.

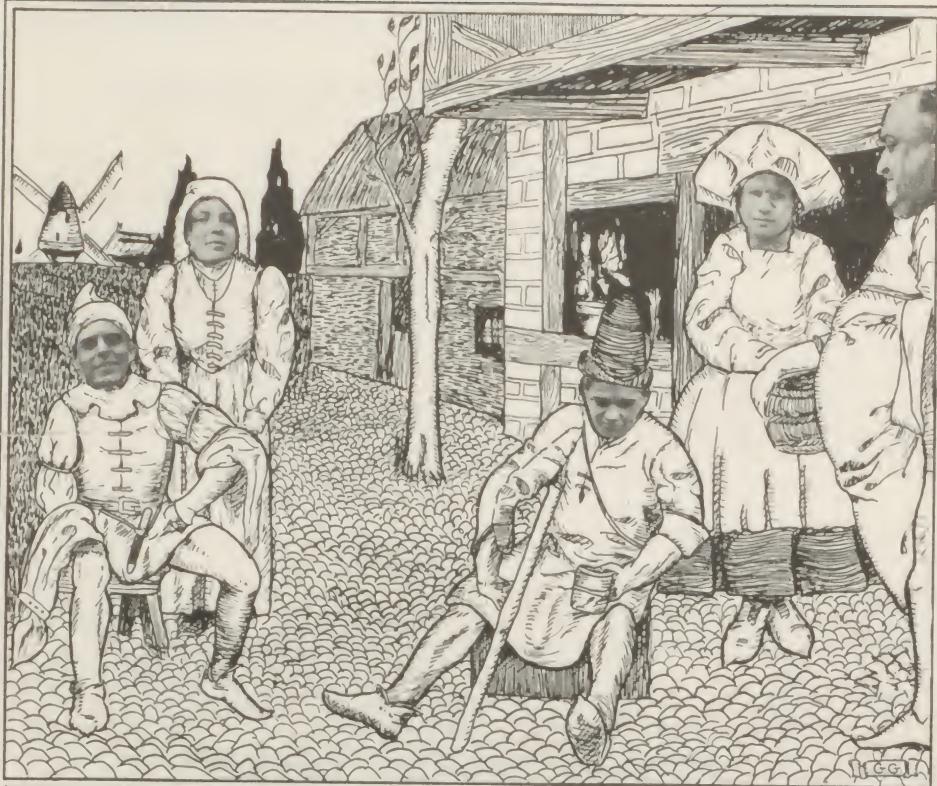
How odd the boys and girls look, their hair and clothes so different from those of my day. Bandoline and shingles make the difference in the hair, you say?

What is all this commotion about? Movies? Well, truly I don’t see what this world is coming to. A cafeteria, a printing shop, and a theater all in one school. Yes, I would like very much to watch the picture. Ah, a comedy, and, by Jove, a good one! I say, who are those jumping-jacks? Your yell leaders? Help! I thought surely the world had come to an end when I heard that assembly yell, “Oske-wow-wow! Skinny-wow-wow! East Des Moines High School, wow!”

Is that the fire-bell? Just the end of the period! Well, these 1924 methods of announcing a thing get me. Where in the world did all the rest of these people come from? The classes just dismissed!

Well, I’ll step back into the past again to make room for one more student in this corridor, but remember I will come back again next year. Good-bye! Good luck!

Dorothy Cahill, '25.



WHEREIN the Tinker, a bully blade, well known as Wat o' the Crabstaff, hath become embroiled in a venture to test both wits and brawn. Armed with the King's warrant and urged on by the love of a lusty bout and the promised rich reward of fourscore angels of bright gold, the jovial fellow did set forth to search for the elusive Robin Hood. While whistling on his way through the mighty greenwood, he chanced to meet a merry fellow, tall of stature, stout of sinew, and bold of heart. Robin Hood, for so he was, though unknown to the Tinker, proposed a glass of ale at Ye Blue Boare Inn. Seated before the Inn the companions are regaling each other with boastful tales of past adventures. Near by are two buxom maidens and the cordial inn-keeper who keenly enjoy the sly verbal passes of the chief of the Greenwood.



Athletics



"Thrice Robyn shot about
And always he slist the wand."

IT'S UP TO YOU

Have you ever realized that the various athletic teams of the school are successful in the exact proportion to the amount of interest shown in them by the student body? What kind of track team shall we have? That is the prevailing question now. You know that our football teams, as a rule, are winners primarily, because everyone is interested in football. Basketball has had rather indifferent success in accordance with the interest shown in it. Track teams are dependent largely upon individual efforts, and because we have had several track stars in the past we have won some track meets.

But our defeats in track have come from schools of less than one-sixth the size of this one, all because those small schools were backing their track teams to the limit. With our wealth of material to draw from, and our good coaches, we should take our place in the spring athletic world, as befits the largest high school in the state. But without your cooperation this cannot be done. The interest shown by the student body in any branch of athletics is the barometer by which we may forecast the success or failure of the team in that branch. I ASK YOU: MAY WE PREDICT A SUCCESSFUL SPRING ATHLETIC SEASON?

EAST IS REPRESENTED AT IOWA CITY

The A. A. U. swimming meet held this year at Iowa City, has long been noted for the strength of its competition, for this association includes some of the best colleges and athletic clubs in the middle west. For the first time in the history of these meets, high school boys competed and placed. Three nervy young men and their equally bold coach, from East D. M. High, spilled the dope.

William Chennell, who swam in the senior division, astonished everybody but himself and Mr. Russell when he took second in the 220 yard breast stroke. Our two Georges, Turbitt and Garton, swam in the 220 yard free style in the junior division. Turbitt's reputation had preceded him, and he was watched so closely that he could not get in the lead. Mr. Garton took it upon himself to properly punish the conspirators, and did so by annexing the race, while Turbitt finished fourth.

There are other high schools who can produce one such boy as these three of ours, but there are very few who can boast of three boys at the same time who are able to hold their own in college competition; and that East High is able to do so is a fitting tribute both to the boys' faithful training and hard work, and Mr. Russell's ability as a coach.

"Honking your horn doesn't help so much as steering wisely."



EAST WINS AMES AND IOWA CITY MEETS

Our swimming team seems to have adopted the slogan, "A new record for every event," and they have certainly tried to make their slogan effective. On February 23d, they went down to the Ames meet and broke three records, incidentally winning the meet with 41 points, a lead of 19 points over their nearest rivals, West High, our friend from across the river. Plummer, Lindberg, Turbitt and Strosnider broke the 160 yard relay record; George Turbitt cracked the 100 yard backstroke record, and William Chennell wrecked the 100 yard breaststroke record.

Then, just to prove that these were not accidents, the same gang went to Iowa City on March 1st and the same fellows, with the exception of Burch swimming in place of Strosnider on the relay team, broke the same records again by even bigger margins than before. Besides cutting from one to six seconds off these records, and becoming the undisputed state swimming champions, this team placed at least one man in every event of the two meets, thus proving that it really is a team, and not a one or two man affair.

The feature of both the Ames and Iowa meets was the battle between Howard Ungles of West and George Garton of East, for first place in 220 free style at Ames and the 220 and 100 yard free style at Iowa. Although Ungles won all three races, he did so by the rather questionable margin of the thickness of a frog's hair, and always had to set a new record, so that if these two youngsters meet often enough, we may see these two races swum in nothing flat some day. Omaha has challenged us to a dual meet to be held on the 14th of March, so we are going there and hope to win another title.

At Iowa City—Plummer, Joseph, Burch, Lindberg, Henery, Chennell, Garton, Strosnider, Turbett, Mourer.

At Ames—Chennell, Garton, Turbett, Plummer, Joseph, Woodward, Lindberg, Mourer; Strosnider, Henry, Burch.

EAST WINS CITY SWIM

"Scotty" Russell's ducks opened the swimming season with a bang, taking the annual city meet which was held at Roosevelt pool, February 15th. They piled up a nice lead over our friends from the other ends of town, making 49 points, while West captured 32, North 10, and Roosevelt 6. East placed at least two men in five out of seven events, one in each of the other two, and won the relay race. George Garton and George Turbitt were second in individual ranking, making 8 points apiece, while Howard Ungles of West scored 10.

Ungles and George Garton finished the 220 yard free style swim neck and neck, but when the dust settled, the judges decided that Ungles had stuck out his tongue at the finish, winning by that margin. Ungles set a new state record in the 40 yard swim, and little (?) Glenn Mourer couldn't stay under water long enough to get more than second place in the plunge.

The East boys and the places they won follow:

Relay—First: Plummer, Joseph, Chennell and Strosnider.

40 yard dash—Turbitt second; Lindberg third.

80 yard breast stroke—Chennell first. New state record—1:3 3-5.

Plunge—Mourer second.

220 yard dash—Garton second; Strosnider third.

100 yard dash—Garton first; Lindberg third.

80 yard backstroke—Turbitt first; Woodward second. New record—1:0 3-5.

Fancy dives—Joseph first; Plummer second.



EAST TIES WITH WEST IN CITY CAGE SERIES

The basketball season just closed was one of the most successful in the history of the school. After getting off to a bad start, the boys rallied and won 6 out of their last 8 games, giving them a tie with West for second place with 13 games won and 11 lost, one jump behind North who won 14 games and lost 10. These three schools were several leaps and a jump ahead of Roosevelt who won only 7 games and lost 17.

The attendance was better than it ever was, and the conduct of the spectators was just as good this year as it was bad last year, when opposing teams were, on various occasions, awarded points by the referee because of the unsportsman-like conduct of the crowd.

The system of matching the teams according to their respective ability was the best system yet tried, and some of the games were equal to college games in providing excitement, and with very few exceptions, none of the games were won or lost by a margin of more than 10 points.

Although basketball is a game depending upon the perfect cooperation of five men, there were some boys whose work, in the eyes of the writer, at the time he saw them, stood out above that of their team-mates. These boys are:

Team "A"—Harry Goldenson, Emery Savage.

Team "B"—George Geyer, Jewel Fisher, Joe Story.

Team "C"—Clark Baridon, Lawrence Varne, Fred Sheets.

Team "D"—"Bob Young, "Tommy" Jones.

BASKETBALL SIDELIGHTS HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE

Before each game our quartette brought down the house—in the shape of old boots, shoes, shirts, etc.

Ivor Williby's stockings were the "find" of the season.

"Red" Geyer has no business on the basketball floor, with crabs selling at 40c per pound.

"Red" had one of his numerous brushes with Referee Hutchinson of North. "But 'Red,'" argued Hutch, "You can't contradict the rules committee. They get paid to make these rules."

"Why not?" "Red" came back, "Maybe I pay 'em."

Basketball is not a game of bodily contact, but Harvey Imman doesn't seem to think so.

We asked Freddy Sheets if he ever got tired in a game. "Don't have time," was the reply.

Team "A" had the only perfect record of the four teams—6 lost and 0 won.

TRACK SEASON IS OPENED

On February 15th, the track season was officially begun by about fifteen boys under Mr. Dubridge. Mr. Dubridge has consented to coach the track team this spring so Mr. Hoyt may have the spring football.

The prospects are rather questionable at this hour, for we have only three point winners of last year, so there is a chance for all who come out. Our three point winners of last year are: George Geyer, the flying Dutchman; Georges Bourland, whose noonday meal consists of a three-mile run, and Ernest Porter, who admits that if running required brains he wouldn't have a chance. Geyer is a dash man, Bourland a miler, and Porter a half-miler. We have the following men from last year's varsity squad: Harry Lindbloom, Ivor Williby, members of relay teams; Leo Abrahamson, high jumper; Ivan Thompson, half-miler, and Edwin Schlenker, miler.

It is upon these men and a few freshmen stars of last year, plus the backing of the entire school, that we are depending for a successful track season.



THE ATHLETIC LEAGUE



"Aw, gee, no one will even be able to win one of those monograms," everyone said when we started our point system, and every girl said: "I never can earn one." But Dorothy Lindberg and Lorena Cowell have proved it can be done by meeting the following requirements:

1. Keep training rules for twenty-four weeks.
2. Play on at least one athletic league team. (Volley ball, baseball, etc.)
3. Win, in all, 150 points.

4. Have a good record in sportsmanship and be passing in three regular studies.

Though there are many ways of winning points, yet fifty is about the maximum number that a girl can earn in one semester—even with hard work.

As soon as enough girls get fifty points each, we plan to start our "League Club," which has for its emblem a tiny gold pin.

The activities of the League are so varied that each girl may find one just suited to her needs.

The volley ball teams, with Madeline Lunnon and Dorothy Siedler for captains, have been rivals since the opening of the season. Each side thinks it will win in the tournament, but who will do so is yet to be learned, since there are four more games to be played. Of course neither side wishes to lose, because the losers have to entertain at a "swell feed." Now don't you wish you were on the volley ball squad?

Ask Lois Thornburg how she likes folk-dancing, and I am quite certain that she will answer "Just fine," for we do have some dandy times in the Gym each Monday afternoon, the 9th period, learning folk dances.

Hiking is another sport that the girls like, and do well in, but Mildred Field and her "Pep-Step" bunch are running away with the honors, because they have practiced longer than the others, and you know "practice makes perfect." Edith Soppeland is of the type that belongs to that club. We have ten clubs but any eight girls who wish to form another can do so by reporting to the Gym.

The baseball season has not yet started, but Lorena Cowell has her squad picked already, and they firmly believe they will win the championship. But "big" Katherine McCauley, Anna Ramsey and Ruby Chivers are getting up a team for the special purpose of running Lorena's team clear off the field.

This spring we are going to have a track team and smash a few of the state records. Even now you may see some of the girls practicing in the Gym. For instance, Nora Gording—Nora throws the basketball just a few feet short of the League record, already, so what do you think she will be able to do by spring?

As soon as the mud dries up, so the balls do not stick when they are served, our tennis coach will start putting his bunch through their stunts. This year we want to win the city cup, but how can we, unless some more girls come out?

Remember, we have room for everyone. So come out and have a good time. We'll show you how to play.

Greta Huggins, '25.





THE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

After the regular basketball season the four teams in the school decided to see which was the better team, so they held a three-day tournament. The result was that team "B" became "champs" and team "A" became "chumps," as they failed to win a game. The championship was not decided until the third day when "B" defeated "C" 20-19 in one of the best played games ever seen on East High's gym floor, and "D" beat "A" in the last four seconds of a hard fought game, 17-15. The large crowds who saw the games were impressed by the "class" shown by the four teams, and every loyal East High basketball fan realized that at last basketball has arrived in East High to stay, and that the Scarlet and Black floor teams of the future will soon take their place beside our football and track teams. For the purpose of settling some of the usual disputes concerning the tournament, here are a few facts and figures.

Team "C" was the high point maker of the series, making 75 points in three games, while "B" made 74, "D" 67 and "A" 48. Jewell Fisher of team "B" made the most points in a single game, 15. The five high point-makers for the series are:

Fisher, team "B," 33; Varne, team "C," 33; Tommy Jones, team "D" 29; "Bob" Young, team "D," 28; Harry Goldenson, team "A," 23.

Notice that Jones and Young together scored 57 of their team's 67 points.

ATHLETIC MONOGRAMS ARE AWARDED

On Tuesday, March 25th, an assembly was held and monograms were awarded to those who had won them during the past athletic season. Owing to the system under which basketball was played, the members of all four teams who had met the requirements were given monograms.

History was made during the assembly when Lorena Cowell and Dorothy Lindberg were presented their numerals under the conditions set by the Girls' Athletic League. Each candidate must win 150 points to get these numerals, and in spite of the fact that all four schools are using the same system, these two girls are the first in all Des Moines to win these honors. These two girls had their 150 points by Christmas, and by June may have the amount necessary to win their monograms.

The boys who won their monograms follow:

Basketball—Team "A": Harvey Inman, Duane Winters, Harry Goldenson, Emery Savage, Louis Rich, Allen Ashby.

Team "B": George Geyer, Jewel Fisher, Harry Lindbloom, Charles Kennedy, Joe Story.

Team "C": Clarke Baridon, Harold Carlson, Chester Erickson, Fred Sheets, Lawrence Varne.

Team "D": Warren Fisher, Thomas Jones, Robert Willis, Ivor Williby, Robert Young.

Swimming—George Turbitt, Basil Plummer, Francis Joseph, William Chennell, Don Woodward, George Garton, Carl Lindberg, Donald Burch, Glen Mourer, John Strosnider, Sam Henry.

The swimmers were featured by the large number of two ring monograms, also one four ring, and one three ring.

George Turbitt got a four ring monogram, and Basil Plummer received a three "ringer."

"He who hesitates is bossed."

AMONG US'NS



IN THE SPRING



THEN
AND NOW



QUILL STAFF



THEY SATISFY?



OUR DEBATES



THE "WOOD"
NYMPH



MUTT & JEFF



LES MISERABLES



LOVEY LABOR
LOVY



Organizations



“And it is sayd when men be mett
Six can do more than three.”

WE, THE SENIORS, MEET

A blasé few, to whom school interest suffers mightily in comparison with such engrossing matters as Delt and Pan-Hellenic dances, fashions and dates, might have accepted the first Senior meeting stoically; but the majority, the “veni-vidi-vici,” so to speak, who, after days of expectation, battered down the portals of Seniordom on February twenty-second, found our first Senior meeting all that they had imagined it would be. There was, moreover, a good deal of romantic association about it. It represented the culmination of our far-away Freshman dream of final sovereignty, the realization of our worth to the school, and the ending of our lengthy debates as to when it was ever to be. In short, it was a meeting de luxe, even to the piano solos with which Jimmy Callison entertained us between quarters.

In almost every election there were decidedly tense moments when each of the two factions threatened supremacy. The nonchalance that most of us affected while the ballots for president were being counted, was assumed to cover our real excitement—as a matter of fact, we could hardly wait until George Geyer climbed down from his chair and let the temporary secretary read the result. As Cleotus Schlesselman came in front to make his speech, everyone turned with “I told you so’s” to his neighbor. Homer Krueger, as the second highest, was elected vice president. It was moved that the final election of secretary be postponed until the next meeting. In this meeting the remaining officers were elected: Dorothy Steady, secretary; Clark Baridon, treasurer; Francis Joseph and Marjorie Mathis, advisers.

When the battle was over, and everyone with a sense of anti-climax of mere lessons left for his next class, one girl remarked, “Well, it took four periods to do it, but it was worth it. Now the important thing is to get a “drag” with one of the officers for the Senior activities.” A remark which, I think, rather conclusively proves the fact that the feminine viewpoint in all things, great and small, rounds off at the same place.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The new council had its first organization assembly February 20th. Officers who will conduct the meetings this semester are: Donald Burnett, president; Robert Wood, vice president; Fawnie Gray, secretary-treasurer; with Marjorie Swanson, Halvor Jensen, Verne Manchester, Harry Lindbloom and Frances Kirkham as chairmen of the standing committees.

This is East High's eleventh council; each semester it has carried out worthwhile projects with the enthusiastic student spirit back of it. This new group has a chance to surpass former councils because they have more things upon which to build. Certainly it will continue to have a student cooperation which is one of the important requirements for success; then with able leaders and efficient members we hope that it will be the best council ever organized.



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

"For it's always merry weather
When good fellows get together."

So the alumnae and active members of Philo declared at its fourth annual birthday banquet which started the activities of the present semester. After a delicious dinner, several toasts were given, followed by a musical program. In order that all the former and present members of Philo might become better acquainted, some lively games were played. "Good-night" was said by every girl shaking hands with everyone else.

Perhaps it will be of interest to know that the alumnae organized a society at this banquet with Irene Storey, president; Dorothy Pearson, vice president; Linnea Bengston, secretary-treasurer, with Miss Wood as adviser. They have since been admitted as members into the Junior Federation of Women's Clubs.

The first regular gathering of the Philomatheans for this semester was in the form of a Valentine meeting. For a remembrance each girl was given two Valentines which she received from the prettily made post office.

As Longfellow's birthday came in February, it was only fitting that we remember him in our meeting. A review of his life and of several of his works was presented. We were inclined to think that Longfellow would not recognize this world if he should see the things that were mentioned in the paper "If Longfellow Should Return."

Each member is endeavoring to further the standards of the society this semester under the leadership of Josephine Maeaulay, president; Marjorie Amsden, vice president; Edna Pearson, secretary; Vera McCoy, treasurer.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been enjoying various programs of plays, music, and readings. It is still working to bring more girls into the organization so that they too may enjoy the activities of the club. The Bible study classes which are a very important part of the Y. W. have proven most helpful and interesting.

Last month, with the assistance of the North High Y. W. C. A., East High was able to entertain about two hundred and fifty from the four high schools of Des Moines.

Our organization was represented at the mid-year conference which took place at Indianola. Four delegates were sent; when they returned they were so filled with pep and enthusiasm that they made us all determined to make our Y. W. C. A. more successful than ever.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has started another semester with the same enthusiasm and pep that has been shown in the organization since its creation. The try-outs for membership were held on February seventh, at which time fifteen new members were taken in.

The club had a dance the first part of the year, inviting as their guests the Forensic Club, the ex-presidents, and a guest for each girl. We are looking forward to more good times in the near future.

The following officers for this semester were elected: Marjorie Mathis, president; Kathleen Shreves, vice president; Cleta Missildine, secretary; Katherine Cosson, treasurer.

We are striving to make this semester's accomplishments a little better, a little more successful than former ones. We hope to have a better time, both by enjoying ourselves and seeing our club improve, using as a motto, "A Booming Success." Cleta Missildine.



LINCOLN-SCOUT ASSEMBLY

The week of February tenth, besides containing the birthday of our great commoner, Abraham Lincoln, was also the birthday week of the Boy Scouts of America, and the program for our assembly neatly combined the two—so different—and yet so closely connected. Carl Bryan, Scout Executive of Des Moines, introduced Franklin Brown and Harry Creviston, who talked to us upon both subjects, recalling to our minds Lincoln's good qualities, showing us the worthwhileness of the Boy Scouts and explaining the connection between the two. By way of additional entertainment the chorus offered two special numbers for our approval and also led us in fifteen minutes of community singing—a privilege granted us for the first time this semester. On the whole, our Lincoln-Scout Assembly was entirely successful, nor was it made less so by the fact that it lasted two full periods rather than the customary *one*. Mary Garton.

SCHOLARSHIP RANKING OF CLUBS

The bulletin board always calls forth much student interest. A climax was reached when there appeared thereon one day a chart with the ranking of clubs according to scholarship. The panels were lettered alphabetically and Miss Pritchard told each president where his or her club stood.

It is true, but not widely known, that members of clubs have a higher standard of scholarship than those students who take no part in the school's social life. The average student's grade is a three, while a club member's grade is a very little below a two. From this it may be seen that clubs raise the tone of a school to a higher level.

This chart serves a worthy purpose, for it stimulates clubs to raise their scholarship ranking; it creates a greater respect for clubs; and it establishes the fact that clubs are helping East High.

NEW NEWSPAPER STAFF

Several East High Business English students have been having the opportunity of doing some real newspaper correspondence. These students have been spending some time each week writing the different phases of East High school life, social as well as scholastic. The articles appear in the Evening Tribune, The Capital and the News. We are almost tempted to call Plain Talk, an East side paper, an official East High weekly publication. A full page of this paper is given to the many activities carried on in our school.

The aim of the general newspaper staff is to secure and publish all school room news. This staff has been working industriously for the past month, and the results have proved satisfactory, according to the report of the readers.

The staff has been working under the direction of Mrs. Huebner, Business English instructor.

The regular meeting of the staff is held each Wednesday, the seventh period, at which time assignments are given to the members. The staff is organized as follows:

Editor-in-Chief and Athletic Reporter.....	Hilbert Swanson
Secretary and Y Club Reporter.....	Lucille Hockenberg
Assembly and Senior Class Reporter.....	Lucie Hayes
Class Clubs Reporter.....	Vivian Newman
Feature Editor.....	Dorothy Neighbor
Music Department Reporter.....	Ruby Morgan
General Club Reporter.....	Margaret Fuller
Public Speaking Department Reporter.....	Marie Griffin
Official Typist.....	Helen McGlothlen
Keeper-of-the-Serap Book.....	Dorothy Selindh



SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

The Shakespearean Club has had some difficulty getting started this semester because nearly every Friday scheduled for a meeting has happened to be some holiday. Of course this has made it very inconvenient for us, but it is not the fault of the members. Our organization is justly proud of its six members who took part in the school debates.

This semester only one business and one social meeting have been held. At the latter the varied program proved a source of pleasure to all who attended. Arthur Kellogg, accompanied by Minnette Paterson, played a violin solo which was enjoyed by everyone. Charles Johnson gave a short review of some of Shakespeare's characters. Dorothy De Bie and Marie McCarthy gave reviews of the Sothern-Marlowe players who were here not long ago. Plans are now being formed for several special club features in the near future. Among these is the lunch hour program which our organization will present on April the sixteenth.

THE FORENSIC

In order to maintain the excellent record made by our club last semester, we are still pushing debating ideals forward. The Forensic sponsors one debate a week on some important issue before the world today, and is at present trying to arrange an inter-club series of debates with the rival society. Several new members have been chosen to uphold the ideals of our club. The officers who have charge of the organization's work are: John Woodmansee, president; Craig McKee, vice president; Robert Young, secretary; Gilbert Rogers, treasurer.

E EPI TAN

The E Epi Tan is looking forward to some interesting events which will take place this semester. Many debates are being planned in which all members have a chance to participate. At present a question to be debated with the Forensic is being diligently prepared.

Our organization, which has been one of the leading ones in the past, had to begin this semester with almost a new group of members, which has been rather a disadvantage. But since we worked successfully last semester in an effort to increase our membership, we are now ready to proceed with our regular work.

The officers for this semester are: Dean Lightfoot, president; Ernest Porter, vice president; Chester Holdifer, treasurer; George Garton, secretary.

BOYS' HI-Y

Speaking of good times, we will tell you where you can have them; it is on Wednesday evenings at 6:15 in the cafeteria. Say, fellows! If you do not belong to the Boys' Hi-Y of East High, you are missing half of your education. Our programs are varied and entertaining; we hear worth-while addresses; we receive valuable advice. Several special programs are now being planned. It is the endeavor of the cabinet not only to please the club, but to make clean-minded youths of our members—the kind that help to make East High what it is.

On Wednesday evening, the fifth of March, the annual "Father and Son" banquet was enjoyed by over one hundred and fifty. A program of games, singing and very impressive addresses was given. It is this kind of fellowship which makes real men.

The officers for this semester are: Robert Young, president; John Woodmansee, vice president; Cleotus Schlesselman, secretary; Raymond Arenburg, treasurer.

Cleotus Schlesselman.



NORMAL TRAINING

Anyone who thinks that the Normal Training Club is a dull and uninteresting organization is very decidedly mistaken. If proof is needed, just come and visit one meeting. What were those bright colored hairbows you saw? Just ask a new member who was initiated on February 27th. If she has fully recovered, she might explain that the bows were a part of their introduction into the club.

As our group is organized to promote the work of the department, we have several features which carry out this purpose. Speakers who tell us what is expected of future instructors and who explain to us just how to present subject matter, are preparing us for our chosen work. Thus we gain practical knowledge as well as learn pedagogies. Observations made in the various schools are also important, for they develop ideas which we intend to use as teachers. With interest we are looking forward to the experience of practice teaching.

The officers who were chosen in the last meeting of the past semester are: Rosene Holt, president; Bessie Calvert, vice president; Rosena Weissinger, secretary-treasurer.

Irene Murrow.

GAN-NE-ZAN-ZAN

Can you think about your birthday without wondering what your presents will be? It is naturally the most exciting thing about one's birthday; it is just the same with our Camp Fire anniversary. The present is the big thought here also; but Camp Fire turns about. Instead of sitting back comfortably and receiving a gift, it goes out and gives to others. Last year we were eleven years old; instead of receiving a present, each group contributed money which was used to send a group of blind Camp Fire girls to our camp. So you see our birthday is celebrated by giving instead of receiving.

The only way the East High girls may enjoy our organization is to come and take part, and thus seek beauty in our meetings.

Mabel Woods.

LATIN CLUB

The programs of the Latin Club meetings are based upon the idea of familiarizing the students with the old Roman traditions and customs. This organization is valuable to its members for it gives an opportunity to learn not only those things regularly studied in the class room, but interesting topics that could not be discussed there.

Our officers for this semester are: Harry Turner, president; Selmer Larson, vice president; Eleanor Burton, secretary-treasurer; William McGrew, janitor; Virginia Jones, janitrix.

Eleanor Burton.

DEBATING

East High has always held a prominent place in all interscholastic contests. This year in Public Speaking we have had some especially fine representatives. It has been due to the excellent leadership and instruction of Mrs. Miller and Mr. Francis, that we have been so successful.

In extempore speaking, Clarke Baridon and Allan Ashby were the school's speakers, and they gave East High a fine representation. In the Girls' Declamatory Contest, Marjorie Mathis and Ruth Thomas brought honor to East High. Then our debating team, composed of Clarke Baridon, Irene Densmore, Roseoe Herinklake, Chester Holdefer, Ethel Lucas, Eva Mintzer, and Ruth Thomas, made us all proud of them by their excellent work in inter-scholastic debates.



Alumni



“And so they returned to the merry greenwood
Amongst the leaves so green.”

OH, DO YOU REMEMBER—

Fridolph Hanson

Whose good sized spark
Of initiative and genius
Lighted the way for
His entry, while among
Us, into extemporaneous speaking
And two plays?
And who now, while
Attending Augustana College,
Has, by his efforts,
Caused his name to be
Written with the addition,
“Exchange Editor of The
Augustana Observer?”
Nor has Fridolph
Slighted his other abilities
That he used to such
Good advantage for
East High.
For we find him the
Winner of second place
In the state debating contest
Last year,
And one of the judges in
The girls’ declamatory contest
At Rock Island High School,
A position he no doubt relishes
As Fridolph always did like—
Extemporaneous speaking.

CANST THOU RECALL—

Orval Armstrong

Whom the Forensic,
Hi-Y and Student
Council remember
In the year of nineteen
Hundred twenty-two?
And who contributed his
Skill and manly beauty
To the rendering of
“The Time of His Life” and
“Hawthorne of The U. S. A.”
His momentum carried him
To victory when during his
Freshman year at Des Moines
University, election was held
To secure a class president
And during this same eventful
Year he put the same ability
That gained him a position on
East High’s squad
To work and made a
Place for himself on the
University’s Freshman Team.
Back here at East High
We are glad to hear
Such reports and hope
For more of equally good
Character.

IT MAY INTEREST SOME TO KNOW—

That Ralph Jester is editor of The Quax, Drake’s publication.

That Pauline Woodmansee, '22, was president of the freshman class in her first year at Drake.

That Glenn Stowbridge is coach at Stuart High School.

That Vera Paulding, '24, is working at the Interstate Accident Insurance Company.

That Frances Youngquist is a bookkeeper with the Allison Manufacturing Company.

That Lurene Stevenson, Helen Keogh, and Grace Ryan are employed at the State Library Commission.



SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCES BE FORGOT—

The Class of 1922

The memories of whom
Still are cherished
By those who knew
Them
And by those
Who review their
Accomplishments while at
This institution and who
View with interest their
Present occupations,
The class has spread
And contributed its
Members to many
Different lines of endeavor.
The business world has
Claimed quite a few.
Wilbur Bjork is working
At Harris-Emery's as are
Claire Yohe and Zannah Moore.
Tom Hardy is production
Manager at Wood Brothers,
And Minnie Boos is now
Trying the insurance game
With the Great Western
Insurance Company.
We find that Madeline
Mershon, another member
Of this class, is continuing
To work for the school, or
Schools, in the capacity
Of an employee of the
School board, and
That Paul McAllister has
An excellent position
With the Rollins Hosiery Co.
To be sure the schools of
The state retain no small
Number of the class.
We think Des Moines University
Was extremely lucky to gain
Such additions as Paul Little,
Ruth Spry, Harold Edwards,
Orval Armstrong, and John Bloem;
While Drake-gained Alice Miller,
Josephine Hartman, Madeline Philleo,
Pauline Plumb, Robert Yohe,
And Pauline Woodmansee.
Beatrice Slininger, Karl Volding
And Marjorie Bishard chose
Iowa University as the instituiton



At which they would continue
Their studies.
For the sake of agreeing
With persons possessed of
Much more experience
Than we, we will say
That marriage or Cupid
Has taken his toll also,
John Bloem and Ransom Burris
Are the ones who succumbed.
We know that this was a big
Class numerically, but from
The foregoing reports we gather
That its members possess ability
In the same degree.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

East High's reputation for producing good citizens and worth while men and women, gained a boost when we received the following letter from Fanchon Royer, former Quill Editor and now editor of a moving picture magazine in

Hollywood, California:
Clarke Baridon, Editor Quill,
East Des Moines High School.
Dear Mr. Baridon:

Just a little note of congratulation on the January Quill from an old editor. Obliging friends send along a copy from time to time, and I can assure you that a glimpse of the familiar sheet, fairly alive with the more familiar East High spirit, is truly inspirational. No matter how far one gets from the old ways of life, it is quite beneficial to refer sometimes to the old standards if only to keep one's perspective straightened out.

Aside from sentiment, you have a very superior, well-balanced magazine which is a credit to the school. Keep up the effort. You will find in your later life that it has been the best possible personal investment. I trace much of my success in my present editorial work to the drilling which I received on the Quill staff, under the able supervision of Miss Estelle Patterson.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Fanchon Royer, '18.

"Laughing to forget is a whole lot better than forgetting to laugh."

"A friend is one who knows all about you and still likes you."



Exchange



"As gode a dyner I shall the make
As thou haest made to me."

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.
"Take pains," said the window.
"Push," said the button.
"Always keep cool," said the ice.
"Never lose your head," said the barrel.
"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.
"Make light of everything," said the fire.
"Do a driving business," said the hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.—From "The Buckshot," Blackwell, Okla.

A Chinaman was visiting Yellowstone National Park in winter. He had walked for some miles along a mountain trail covered with snow. Looking back over his shoulder he saw a bear sniffing his tracks and rapidly gaining on him.

With a shrill yell, he began to run: "You likee my tracks? I makee you some more."—From "Capital High Monthly," Dover High School, Dover, Delaware.

NEWS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS

HUGO HIGH STUDENTS PHILANTHROPICAL

The pupils of Hugo High School, Hugo, Oklahoma, certainly have the welfare of humanity at heart.

After hearing a speech by Mrs. J. B. Frazier, who has charge of the Near East Relief in that district, they pledged themselves to give \$60 for the support of an orphan.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

This semester student government is being tried out at Fremont High School, Fremont, Nebraska. The students are placed on more of an honor basis rather than under the monarchial teachers' rule. The pupils are quite enthusiastic about the new plan.

STUDENT COUNCIL AT BENTON HIGH

At last the Benton High School of St. Joseph, Missouri, has succeeded in organizing a student council. The idea of a student council was put before the students a year ago, but was not adopted. However, some of the "wise and loyal Bentonites" kept boosting for the student council. So last spring it was decided to send off to get the constitutions of other student councils, and during the summer vacation two "Bentonites" went over the constitutions and selected what they thought was best for Benton High School.



GO TO SCHOOL

There are thousands of young men and women who have arrived at the age of twenty-one without the proper amount of schooling. Most of these are too anxious to go out into the business world to get their share of its wealth. Little do they realize that the better they are educated the more likely they are to succeed in business.

If you are going through high school, try to continue your education still further. Don't stop there. There is little that you can do in the world, between the ages of twenty and thirty, better go to some school to get your proper training.

America has a great many schools and they are the finest in the world. Any boy with enough will power and "spunk" in him can find some kind of schooling. For, don't forget, business can wait; go to school.

Even the dullest normal boy or girl has enough power to win sufficient success if he remembers that his power lies in the possession of time. The young gentlemen of the high schools do not lose minutes, but hours, yet, they wonder why they are not graded higher in their school work.—From "Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?

You see a pretty girl walking down the street. She is singular, you nominative. You walk across to her, you change to plural, then it becomes dative. You walk home with her. Her mother becomes accusative and you become imperative. You kiss her and she becomes masculine. Things are tense, her father becomes present and you become a past participle.—From "Obelisk," Murphysboro, Illinois.

ICE

When ice forms traffic is held up, and the commercial work of man is hindered.

So it is in life when we form our bad habits they act the same as ice. We are hindered in our daily work by the almost impassable paths of endeavor.

Of course, good habits aid in smoothing over the rough places in our work. When we form a good habit we have gone that far in removing the barriers from our progress.

Bad habits, like ice, are slow in going away, and unless a good deal of exertion is made they will stay with us. This is why we must keep a careful watch over our daily work.—From "Purple and Gray," Burlington, Iowa.

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.

So we did.

—From "Red and White," Iowa City.

(And so did we!)

1925—"I never made a mistake in grammar in my life but once, and as soon as I done it, I seen it."—From "The Centre," Grundy Center, Iowa.



Banter



"Four nobles a week then I will give thee
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me."

An S. O. S.

With joy we heralded the glad news that we were to have the joke department. A thrill of a lifetime. Why, life would be one joyous round of pleasure, reading the spiciest of jokes and the choicest of humorous stories. There simply isn't any such thing as the blues or tragedies in the destiny of Joke editors. Anyway that's the way it seemed the first day or two after the staff was organized.

But—then we had not faced the fact that days, yes, weeks might pass without the faintest ray of hope or inspiration for the heretofore successful and delightful pages of banter. The jokes in East High are as hard to find as a "one" average in physics. That's pretty bad. Not even the Freshmen did enough unusual things to produce a glimmer of mirth. One might as well read "The House of Seven Gables," or "Pilgrim's Progress," for humor as some of the would-be usable contributions found occasionally in the Quill box.

After several weeks of hard work we have managed to inject a little pep into enough material to fill our allotted space. But here's a tip from someone, "Use your pencils in the classrooms and halls to help the pages of the Quill have live school fun. They need it."

Ernest Porter,
Irene Densmore.

□ □

As a Starter

"The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views.
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we do not use."

— "Snappy Bits," Amery, Wis.

The jokes from now on will be written on glass to aid the Freshmen in seeing through them.

□ □

After Mr. Francis had given Ruth Thomas a pile of books for references in debate she asked, "Will you ring for the elevator when I leave?"

Mr. Francis: "Oh! Don't bother. Those books will take you down."

□ □

Beware!

It has been rumored that certain individuals are mocking the humor of the Quill. Such action is hardly commendable; in fact, it is a serious offense. The Quill wishes to warn such persons that its jokes are not to be laughed at.

□ □

Who knows what "sarsituab" and "souer" spell? Mr. Wisdom says that as he was learning the Touch System the former spelled "constitution" and the latter "court."

□ □

An exchange remarks, "Hot air will not keep the ears warm." We've heard of it making ears burn.

□ □

He Knew

Wayne Hayes: "There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

Marjory W.: "How do you know?"

W. H.: "I have asked them."

□ □

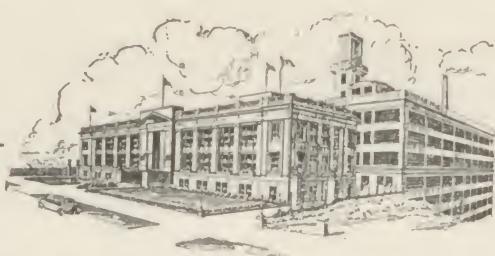
An Engineer

In principal's office:

Mr. Burton: "What is your name and what can I do for you?"

Freshman: "My name is Sparks, I gapped in the school room and shocked the teacher."

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A Hint?

An indolent Sophomore, at the office: "I heard there was an opening in here."

Mr. Pritchard: "There is—just behind you."

□ □

We All Agree

Freshman to John Woodmansee: "What is a hyperbole?"

J. W.: "A hyperbole is simply a phonastic or a circumlocatory cycle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

□ □

Speaking of T. L.'s

Ray Arenberg (who was sitting next to the only empty seat in the room): "Who is going to sit there?"

Mr. Peterson: "Nobody, I guess."

Ray: "When does he get here?"

Mr. P.: "Oh, he's sitting next to the empty seat."

□ □

Natural

Mr. Wisdom (explaining the ancient method of making contracts): "The seller took the buyer to the piece of land he wanted to sell and presented the purchaser with a clod picked up from the land. This was the contract."

Gene Gray (puzzled): "What if he dies?"

Mr. W.: "They would probably bury him."

□ □

Speaking of Gravity

Gladys Swanson: "Can you take the top off that boiler? We want to put water in."

Mr. Houser: "Isn't there any water in it?"

Gladys Swanson: "Very little."

Mr. H.: "Where is it?"

Gladys: "In the bottom."

□ □

Mr. Wisdom: "In France they couldn't kill the common people off fast enough so they put them in a boat, took them out in the river, knocked out the bottom of the boat, and all the heads that came up were shot at."

Lee M.: "What if their feet came up?"

In English 8 Class

Miss Cummings: "What essay did you like best?"

Hilbert S.: "'The Death of Sir Roger.'

□ □

All in a Name

Isabelle: "I looked up Lief Ericson and he was not a Norwegian."

Mr. W.: "What was he then?"

I.: "Scandinavian."

□ □

Spring Tonic

Floyd Feaster: "I spilled a little of that acid on my hand and it surely made it smart."

Wayne Moon: "Why not drink some, then?"

□ □

Call a Doctor

Mr. Peterson: "What is necessary to transmit sound?"

Katherine Cosson: "The alimentary canal."

□ □

Y. W. Bible Study

Edna Pearson: "And what is the lesson taught in the parable of the seven wise virgins?"

Roxie McNay: "That we should always be on the look-out for a bridegroom."

□ □

Power of thought is very strong in some people. Whenever Letha Hunter thinks of sugar, a lump comes up in her throat.

□ □

Quite Plane

Miss Balliet: "Where is my polygon(e)?"

Rita Novenger: "Up the geometric."

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POETRY CORNER

Dear Poet: Please send me a poem to help me feel the importance of my position. You know I am only a Junior. Thank you.—Don Burnett.

Dear Mr. Burnett: Among our collections we found this; it might help.

A Junior saw a patch of green,
He thought it was a Freshie mean,
But as he sauntered slowly past,
He found it was a looking-glass.

Dear Poetry-man: I find I am having a difficult position on the Quill. Have you any poems that might freshen my spirits? Sincerely.—Maude Lukenbill.

Dear Miss Lukenbill: We wanted to please you so we designed this especially for you:

There was a young lady named Bill,
Who received a job on the Quill,
She worked hard and fast,
But poor Bill couldn't last,
And in two or three weeks she was ill.

Dear Friend: Have you a consoling little verse that I can read near the end of each six weeks period? Thanking you in advance.—Craig McKee.

Dear Craig: We are particularly fond of these solemn, deep lines:

Of ones a-plenty the smarties sing,
Of nothing below a two,
While I, I boast on anything
Around a four, don't you?

Dear Old Man: Can't you save the day and give me a poem to send to a friend of mine? I won't tell you her name. Much obliged.—Glenn Wilson.

Dear Glenn: We feel that this would be quite appropriate:

I have a car, a speedy car,
I drive it every place;
And when I step upon the gas
I'm sure to win the race.
I'm in a hurry all the time,
And to the crossing beat the train,
I do that trick most every day
In sunshine and in rain.

Finis

He tried to cross the railroad track
Before the rushing train;
They put the pieces in a sack,
But couldn't find the brain.

Dear Poetry-man: We must write an original poem for E. S. Do you know of any? My home room is 104. Sincerely yours.—A. J. M.

Dear A. J. M.: Of course several were written by people who had heard parts of them once; for instance:

A queer little lad who had been in school
And was up to all sorts of tricks,
Discovered that 9 when upside down
Would pass for the figure 6.
So when asked his age by a good old dame,
The comical youngster said,
"I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,
But 6 when I stand on my head."

The Portraits for the East High Students
in the June Class last year
were made by

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and think it over

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Spring Styles

The modes for Spring are as gloriously fine as Spring-time itself. Refreshing, vivacious, youthifying. Numerous in version, gay in theme, the mode in its completeness anticipated glorious days of play and dress-up occasions. The display as to be seen here will do credit to us and afford pleasure to all women who appreciate loveliness in dress—and where is the woman who doesn't?

YOUNKER BROTHERS

My dear Mr. Poet: I would like a poem that could be used to close a literary discussion in E Epi Tan meeting. Can you suggest anything? Yours truly—
Dean Lightfoot.

Dear. Mr. Lightfoot: We hope this one will be successful. You might try it once:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Sparkplug's stable stands;
Barney, of course, is right near by
To catch him with his hands
If, by chance, that naughty horse
Should break loose from his leather bands.
He sure is some high stepper,
With Sunshine on his back,

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And Barney's "puddle-jumper"
Will make the people cheer them
Until their throats 'most crack.
When the race is over,
And Barney's broke once more,
They all sleep under the "chestnut tree"
As in the days of yore,
Barney and Sparkplug and Sunshine,
You ought to hear them snore.

Dear Poet: Aren't these spring days beautiful? I feel that I might receive an inspiration for a poem but I must first have something to guide me. I have written to you because I am sure you can help me. Your ardent reader.—Bernada Jordan.

Dear Bernada: We feel complimented that you come to us in this matter and hope to assist you in your writing. Perhaps this excellent sample will furnish sufficient inspiration:

Ain't it awful to stay in school
On a day like this; I'm a fool;
I ought to get out and have a good time,
Go up the river with my hook and line,
Or out in the woods where the robins sing,
And tell us the story of long-welcomed spring.
Aw, gee, I can't, my maw says I
Have to stay in school and try, and try,
No matter what the end might be;
And I know I'll never pass, you see,
The fever has struck me dead

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So I can't put a thing in my old blockhead.
But I'll try if she thinks it will do any good,
But gee, I don't think I really should,
'Cause it ain't no fun to sit in school
Really, now, I think I am a fool.

AN EAST HIGH MEET

East High

Time: Any time between 3:30 and 1:00.

Mile Run

Time: Three minutes.

From basement to the third floor.

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Time: Three minutes.

From one class to another.

220 Yard Low Hurdles

Time: At the end of six weeks.

When you get anything below a four.

330 Yard Run

Time: 45 minutes.

On the tennis court.

120 High Hurdles

Time: 12:15 and 11:30

Trying to get to the cafeteria.

Pole Vault

Time: At the last minute.

Trying to get a one in geometry.

Shot Put

Time: Any time.

When a teacher asks you a question you can't answer.

Marathon

Time: Any time you can make it.

Annex to 317.

"A boy who knew six languages and passed college exams at eight and entered Harvard at eleven is a \$23 a week clerk in New York."

"A reporter—a strange creation, with a gimlet for a nose, telescope for eyes, and phonographs for ears."

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You can't get Spring Fever in last winter's suit. Slip into one of our new arrivals. They have the wanted style features—blues and greys are the popular colors. Easy to wear and buy at \$30.

Richard & Kucharo

LOCUST JUST EAST OF SEVENTH

A High School Training

is one of the first essentials to success.

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL a specialized preparation for business is the next important step, no matter what you may choose for a life's work.

Forty years of experience has made us one of the leaders in business education.

Enroll any Monday
Catalog on Request

Capital City
Commercial College
Des Moines, Iowa

Tennis Rackets

We have the finest line of rackets in town, including

Wilson; Bancroft; and Lee

Expert Racket Restrung

VAN GINKEL & POTTEL

603 Grand Avenue

A Senior stood on the railroad track,
A train was coming fast,
The train got off the railroad track,
And let the Senior pass.
—Blackwell High, Blackwell, Okla.

□ □

Sunk!

Mr. Wilson: "Lucile, explain 'ship subsidies.' "

Lucile Hockenburg, (thoughtfully): "Well, 'sub' in Latin means under."

Lucy Hayes (wishing to aid her friend in making brilliant recitation): "Submarine."

The Health Food for All Seasons

Hutchinson's ICE CREAM

Highest Quality

Prompt Service

An Invitation to East High

Early in April JOSEPH'S moves to its future home in the corner of the new Equitable Building at

SIXTH and LOCUST

We cordially invite the students and faculty to visit the opening which will be announced definitely at a later date.

We are confident you will find this new establishment particularly interesting.

S. Joseph & Sons

400-402 Walnut

Quality Jewelry Since 1871

A little dog sat on a railroad track,
In the midst of an awful fog,
Along came a locomotive—

Toot! Toot! Bow-wow! Hot dog!

□ □

Miss McBride (going around in class inspecting writing examples and receiving answers of "no" to her inquiries): "Letha, do you think it is possible for you to write legibly?"

Letha Hunter (embarrassed): "Yes, I cannot."

HARRIS-EMERY'S

IN whatever you may select at this store, of one thing you can be sure and that is

Quality

Miss McBride: "Judging from that, you should be able to appreciate some of the popular songs."

□ □

A Sad Tale

Miss Wood: "Gene, will you write an essay on 'Recovering From Love Affairs?'"

Gene Gray (with deep sigh and a dreamy gaze): "I haven't recovered."

Serving You the Way You Want to Be Served

This bank does not measure its service in terms of profit—and profit alone. Profit is secondary when we can, through careful, individual service, help a patron to greater success.

The secret of our growth lies in the fact that we have not tried to please ourselves, but to please our customers. There is no chill formality here, but friendliness, courtesy and an obliging spirit.

We do not believe in red tape. However, we do believe, in taking a warm, friendly interest in our customers' affairs and trying in every possible way to serve them in the way that they want to be served.

Will You Let Us Serve You?

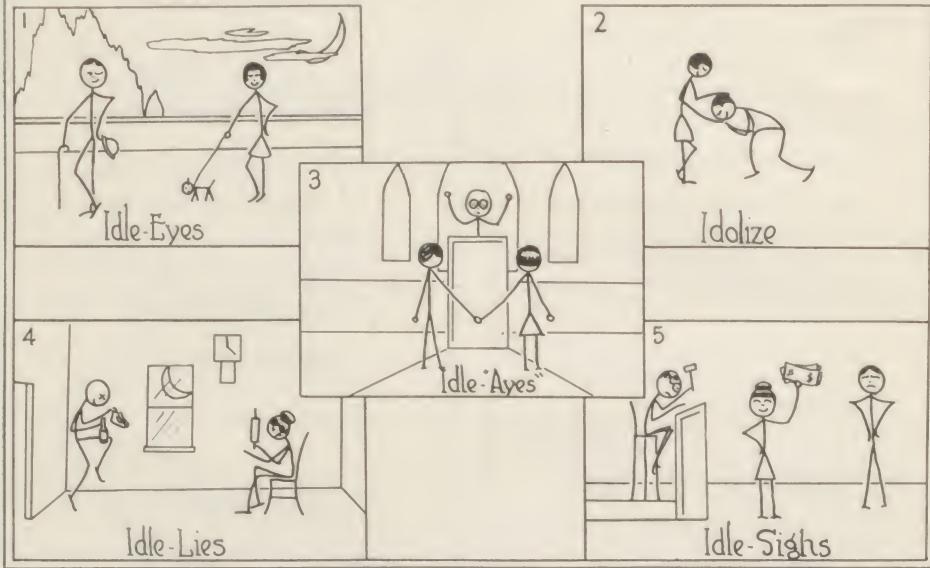
HOME SAVINGS BANK

Northeast Corner East Sixth and Locust Streets

Capital \$100,000

Resources \$3,400,000

A Tragedy in 5 Acts



Fun with Work at Rollins

ROLLINS folks don't work all the time. They mix fun and recreation with their jobs.

For instance, during these warm spring days, every noon will find many athletic girls on our spacious recreation grounds indulging in the strenuous pastimes of volley ball and indoor baseball. Farther on down the lot the men are enjoying themselves at baseball practice or pitching horseshoes on the six specially constructed courts. Then, when the whistle blows for work, one's energy has been restored and he goes back to work refreshed and full of energy.

In the winter there are parties, dramatics, glee club activities, fancy work classes and many other diversions to make one's job here more pleasant.

Many of these things are not found at the usual place of business. That's why so many East High folks have been attracted to this organization. Maybe you will fit in to some job we may have some time. Interested ones should talk with our Miss Moore.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS

"A Real Place to Work"

A Cheer Leader Would Help
Jokes of teachers all remind us
We can make our grades sublime
By bursting forth in joyous laughter
At the designated time.

—Central H. S., Oklahoma City.

□ □

On the first day of the new semester,
Mr. Wisdom's classroom was very
crowded. In looking around for extra
chairs Mr. Wisdom went to the closet
and said, "Here's a coat-hanger if
that will help anyone."

□ □

I know a YOUNG fellow named Bob,
Who some folks seem to think is a
snob,
It WOULD not be right to tell his last
name,
So you may guess twice at the same.

□ □

A Good Start

Tom Jones: "Joe Story is growing
up a bit."

Allister McKowen: "Aw, go on.
When I get grown up, I'm going to be
a man."



The Home of Fine Watches and Diamonds

For your graduating diamond or
watch, see our large stock and
special line of **White Gold Wrist
Watches**, 15 and 16 Jewels, 25
years, and some 14k. solid Gold
from \$15.00 to \$25.00.

Fine perfect Diamonds in the
latest White Gold mountings,
from \$35.00 to \$50.00, \$65.00,
\$75.00, up.

Make your selection early—pay-
ments if desired.

A. C. HANGER

Jeweler

526 East Locust Street
East High Pins and Rings

"Stop and Shop" in East Des Moines



DRY GOODS AND READY-TO-WEAR

510-512 EAST LOCUST STREET

East High students are earnestly asked to remember our house when school
days are finished. We want your patronage in years to come when you be-
come the men and women of active life. We have served two generations
and hope to continue to please our patrons for many more years

Iowa Seed Company

209-211 WALNUT STREET

DES MOINES, IOWA

Des Moines Brand CREAMERY BUTTER

Always fresh and of fine flavor

SHOTWELL & CO.

LESLIE ELECTRIC CO.

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Call Here for Repair Work

If It's Electrical
We Do It Phone Maple 1320

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Our Motto

1003 W. 9th St.

Walnut 437

Quality Service Satisfaction

N. S. Nielsen Lumber Company

Yard 640 East Grand Ave.
Mill 624 Des Moines Street

Interior Finish Sash and
Frames Doors
Garage Doors Shipping
Asphalt Crates and
Shingles and Boxes
Roofing Made to Order

Senior—Long lessons, no bed, brain
fever, he's dead.

Junior— Love smitten, hope fled,
heart broken, he's dead.

Sophomore—Conceited, swelled head,
bust cranium, he's dead.

Freshman—Milk famine, not fed,
starvation, he's dead.

—Blackwell High, Blackwell, Okla.

East End Coffee Shop

1503 E. Grand Ave. Maple 1878

RAGTIME PIANO

Christensen School of Music

207 Fine Arts Bldg. Walnut 2909
LEONA ROCKHOLZ, Instructor

You Buy Health

With Every Bottle of

Newen's Safe Milk

Properly Pasteurized

